THE COMMONWEAL

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BRETHREN IN THE LORD

PERHAPS no aspect of our Lord's ministry on earth is more striking than His consciousness of the purely human differences which would divide His followers into hostile groups. The other separation—between those who would believe and those who would not—He drew sharply and absolutely. It was the gulf between light and darkness, between rigorism and charity, between life and death. But He was tireless in pointing out to those who would follow that they were dedicated to a love which transcended all natural barriers. The people of Jericho, the Roman centurion and the publican were recommended again and again as those with whom the disciples should seek fellowship. He gave His hand to the woman taken in adultery, to the leper and even to Pilate. Thus the Church was given a charter which recognized, in the life of charity, no distinctions of nation, class or race. Many details of New Testament doctrine remain obscure, but this insistence upon universality is so evident that it cannot even be debated among Christians.

It is, of course, a difficult ideal. Unquestioning charity sometimes leaps over the confines of practical organization, or interferes with plans which seem very neat and necessary. Recently, for instance, not a little controversy has raged over the ecclesiastical status of the Negro, begun in Protestant Episcopal circles by the Reverend William Blackshear and then carried over into the Catholic field by Monsignor John L. Belford. Under the circumstances this discussion could not envisage only those limitations of space which decree that not all of us can meet in one place at the same time. No edifice, however sacred, can be a Valley of Josaphat, as everybody knows. Advising the Negro to "go to his own church" could only mean, whether it was so intended or not, that Christianity permitted insistence upon that distinction between races which is so sore a social wound. From the Catholic point of view Cardinal Hayes settled the matter by authorizing a statement that the Negro is guaranteed absolute equality in the Church. This decision is so obviously a corollary of the fundamental Christian outlook that no compromise would have been possible.

But there are other suggested forms of equality which are not at all so obvious. Impossible though it be to disparage any effort to bridge over the chasms which sunder creed from creed, it seems to us that the program drawn up by the Christian Unity League and soon to form the agenda of a conference is not ac-

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ceptable. The essence of this is expressed in a "Reconciliation Pact," which many Protestant clergyman here and abroad have signed, and which finds its theoretical defense in a book by the Reverend Peter Ainslee, The Scandal of Christianity. After deploring the "divisive and rivaling churches" which hamper the work of religion, the Pact goes on to say: "We propose to practise, in all our spiritual fellowships, the equality of all Christians before God, so that no Christian shall be denied membership in our churches, nor pulpit courtesies to other ministers." With all the good-will in the world, we cannot bring ourselves to feel that this is much else than a particularly milky and watery distillation of Leibnitz. And that German sage, for all his brilliant nobleness, had misread the evidence regarding the soul.

Of course we shall grant the equality of all Christians, in the sense conveyed by the immemorial teaching of the "soul of the Church." But the idea of the Pact is something else entirely. "It rebukes," says the Christian Century, "all our creedal tests, our rebaptisms, our claims to an exclusive monopoly of priestly functions, our sectarianisms based upon social caste or taste or temperament. In the light of such a reading of the mind of God all these divisions among us become nothing else but sin." Is it possible, one asks, so to deflate the sense of corporate unity that every visible sign of the community will have no significance? Does the proposal differ from some imaginary suggestion, in the social order, that all Americans were equal regardless of birth or naturalization, of obedience to the law, of function in the administrative routine? Are we not confronted here with what is, essentially, a leveling of clergy and laity, so that the first possesses no function other than that which might accrue to a discussion leader of some type or other? Is it possible genuinely to unify men on the basis of a mystical acceptance of Christ, without any reference to their intellectual perception of Him or His meaning?

We believe that these questions are sufficient to justify the feeling that here is a type of unification which leaves out of consideration altogether the organic principle. After all, men cannot grow together in the spirit unless their relation to God is that of a branch to the tree. It seems to us far more practical and desirable that every major Christian corporation should strive to develop its own functional life, without worrying primarily about the others. This, at least, would not imply the abandonment of functional life. Then it might become clear that charity is indeed peace, but peace without surrender. Equality between nations and races, between saints and sinners, in the Church—yes. But the Church itself cannot be merely equality. From the beginning it has insisted that the central matter in religion is not the effort of man himself, but the grace that comes from on high. The mediating purpose of the priesthood is, then abiding. Sundered from it, through whatever specious belief in change, not even faith, hope and charity remain.

WEEK BY WEEK

MODERN society has found no adequate solution for the problem of penniless old age. Even the prison is hardly a more desolate place in which to live than is the institution in which feeble old men and women are housed. The cost of caring for them is so high that little money can be expended on additional comforts; the inmates get one another's nerves, and tire out even the sturdiest nurses; and the amenities of home are missing at a time when descent into second childhood makes them so appealing. At its recent convention in Toronto, the American Federation of Labor took up the question of old-age pensioning and urged society to supply an answer. California will actually proceed, under a law to go into effect during January of next year, with a plan to substitute pensions for institutional care. In New York state, a legislative committee heard fifteen experts review the evidence in the case and found there was almost unanimous agreement regarding the superiority of the pension system. Oddly enough, this appears to be a reform which actually promises to save the taxpayers a good deal of money. It is estimated that if New York abandoned its poor farm system, not one but many millions could be saved. The whole matter is so important that The Commonweal hopes to publish an authoritative article on it soon.

Safeguarding Old Age

EXPLANATIONS of the collapse of values on the stock exchange remain varied, but the fact that the market was suddenly without a bottom abides. Billions of dollars dwindled to less than pence. Crowds of "modest investors" who had been flirting with margins abandoned the game with a sigh and went home to dream of happier Monte Carlos. One wave of excited popular speculation had broken against a chill barrier of facts among which readjustment to actual values of stocks, foreign liquidation and clever manipulation from on high stand out prominently. Optimism regarding the country's general economic situation followed the storm, of course, very like the sun. Washington reported officially that business was sound. Professor Irving Fisher proved by analysis of statistics that stock rates have been lower during 1929, when earnings are taken into consideration, than they were during 1928. Mr. Charles E. Mitchell, president of the world's largest bank, returned from abroad with a reassuring smile. The nation is apparently not headed just yet for a period of financial discomfort, even though a host of citizens are broke. Once again the folly of gambling has been demonstrated to the man who cannot afford to lose, the wisdom of sound investments has been inculcated, and the difficulty involved in making the aforesaid investments has been revealed anew. Wall Street may be the scene of melodrama with an unhappy ending.

Wall Street Impoverished

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But the tragedy appears in the lives of those who, having accepted the advice of the social order at its face value, see the provision made against a rainy day melt away under the influence of bad management, inflated valuations and fraud. When will the United States learn how to protect the conservative investor?

On to 1930

IF WASHINGTON despatches are to be believed, President Hoover must turn his attention to the structure of the party band-wagon. Glued together for a national election, it seems likely to fall to pieces when it commences to serve as an all-the-year-round vehicle. The country has already witnessed, and continues to witness, the ocean waves of the Senate tariff debate. However startling Senator Reed's prediction that the bill would die in the present special session may have been to Senators Smoot and Borah, it certainly comes as no surprise to the public. It is, of course, unfortunate for Mr. Hoover that at this juncture Senator Reed should emphasize the conflict between western agriculture and eastern industry. That is precisely the situation which had already been aggravated by the selection of Mr. Otto H. Kahn as treasurer to the Republican Senatorial Committee. The immediate and vociferous protests to the White House by the Progressive wing, based on the magnified fear that western bloc senators will be opposed by regular Republican candidates in the primaries, indicates at once Progressive unity against the Old Guard, and the tremendous potentialities underlying its opposition to an alliance between Senator Moses's cohorts and banking interests.

ADMINISTRATION advisers were quick to realize that the Moses appointment might result, at the least, in strengthening the present Progressive-Democratic coalition and, at the worst, in stimulating the insurgent western Senators to bolt the G.O.P. ranks or even to form a third party. Senator Moses, whose position in the presidential campaign organization was never made clear, belittles these executive fears. But meanwhile his countenance bears a striking resemblance to the cat that swallowed the canary. It is no secret that, left alone, he would devour every progressive in sight. Who then can blame the Westerners for their appeal to the President when Mr. Moses is so rampantly at large? Mr. Hoover is thus placed in the unfortunate position of being asked to repudiate an action the precedent for which his administration is accused of setting in Nebraska. There it is expected that Senator Norris, who voted for Smith but still retains the Republican label, will be opposed in the primaries next August by a candidate "endorsed if not selected by the White House." This candidate, according to Washington, is to be Samuel R. McKelvie, member of the Federal Farm Board, former governor of Nebraska and original Hoover supporter. The Omaha World-Herald has already declared "the issue to be whether this state is to choose its own senators or is to have them handpicked at Washington. . . . Senator Norris had better submit his own cause directly to the people. Let them choose between Mr. McKelvie and himself. Then we shall know, after election day, whether Nebraska is still a sovereign state or has degenerated into a satrapy." There is a way out for Mr. Hoover—there always is a way out in politics—but we do not know what it is.

Teacher's Own Week

ANNUAL observance of Education Week has done more than a little to convince American parents that teacher's business is an august and useful endeavor. Curiously enough, they did not always have this impression of it. School was a place to "dump the kids"; a somewhat mysterious substitute for child labor; or even a place where youth was drilled in the art of putting on airs. Some of this feeling remains, but Education Week, parent-teacher associations and similar agencies have effected many reforms. The socializing energies of the school are clearer to us all. We have a better understanding of how the home and the classroom must be coördinated in the discipline of youth through guidance and sympathy. Meanwhile the Catholic school, too, has profited. Year after year it has emphasized matters set forth in the general program supplied by the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Some of them have gone much farther and have voiced a commendable initiative. Nothing about the total result is more interesting than the advertising given to the central purposes of religious education. The country has enjoyed a chance to ponder these words from the bishops' pastoral letter: "An education that unites intellectual, moral and religious elements is the best training for citizenship. We are convinced that since religion and morality are essential to right living and to public welfare, both should be included in the work of education."

Just Suppose

WHAT are the rights of the unusual student in college? Experiments in suppling and liberalizing the curriculum in his favor are known among us, but how far are they merely vague and tentative, and how far do they envisage a harmonious and well-understood educational end—paid for, let us mark, at a well-understood price? The college may waive standardized requirements and the rule of conformity to an external routine for the gifted, but what positive course is it then to follow? One answer is boldly given in the current Atlantic Monthly by a hypothetical but none the less disturbing business magnate to an equally hypothetical, and disturbed, college president. The magnate brings his son—a brilliant boy, for the sake of the argument, as magnate's sons sometimes are not—to the president, and specifies that the latter is to give him a perfect college education,

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including the degree. It is to be based solely upon the boy's needs and capacities, and to employ to that end any of the college's resources that may be required, including the time and the attention of one particularly able faculty director. If the college will undertake the experiment, the magnate will undertake to pay a story-book price for it. This, of course, is another detail put in to complete the diagram and to make the challenge as inescapable as possible.

THE president—meaning the typical alert and responsible educator—is both attracted and perturbed. He feels that there is a general sound tradition in favor of giving special time and trouble to specially promising students; that his college should be sporting enough to make the experiment; that the institution, the boy and the faculty director would all probably benefit by it. But he feels equally that he is the custodian of the college's professed purpose, which is the imparting of a socialized education; that, while the granting of degrees is the faculty's responsibility, such an essay in individualism would give them no basis for testing its results; that it might be unjust to the other students to divert from them whatever would be necessary to carry such an intensive experiment through. In a word, the solitary interest and the group interest are again interlocked in a struggle which will probably go to the latter through sheer weight of custom and convention, though no one, not even an expert pedagogue, knows whether it should or not. How flexible, then, should our liberal-arts colleges be, looking to the ultimate benefit of the community? How much is an unusual intelligence worth, in terms of the less unusual intelligences which may possibly have to be neglected to bring it to flower? And lastly, can it be that the Atlantic's little parable is also a portent? That, in spite of the good wishes of educators, the exceptional student will come into his own only when some gentleman with a long purse and a direct way of acting, buys up privileges of college and makes them over to him?

WHAT a powder-box southeastern Europe remains is evident from more than one item in the news. The Czecho-Slovakian situation is probably the most important, because sooner or later racial groups now sparring for autonomy will stage a serious fight. We are inclined to believe that the fault lies largely with the Czechs, who as the majority party have never fully accepted the spirit of the Pittsburgh Agreement which is their country's basic contract. An interesting clue to the situation is the trial of Professor Vojtech Tuka, who was recently sentenced to prison for fifteen years on a charge of treason. The Professor was prominent in the movement for Slovak autonomy, and was for that reason stoutly defended by Monsignor Hlinka, leader of the movement. Czech opposition contended, however, that he was really a Hungarian and a spy. Newspaper accounts of the proceedings force one to believe that the evidence upon which he was convicted deserves to be qualified by a list of adjectives such as meagre and artificial. The case becomes exceedingly interesting, therefore, as an indication of violent feeling on a rampage. Slovaks both here and in the homeland have not been slow to express a resentment which is, in all truth, 100 percent bitter.

Nationalisms Abroad

OF PARTICULAR interest in the President's address at Louisville were his estimates of the expense of carrying out a program for really adequate river development. Ten millions a year, he said, should do it, and "this annual increase is equal to the cost of one-half of one battleship. If we are so fortunate as to save this annual outlay on naval construction as the result of the forthcoming naval conference in London, nothing could be a finer or more vivid conversion of swords to plowshares." Only a handful of people turned out to hear him say this, and yet in histories of the President's westward traveling, it is the stop at Detroit which we think should be accounted the failure, and that at Louisville the success. For at Detroit the President's light was hidden; at least it was lost in the high incandescence of such luminaries as Mr. Edison and Mr. Ford. At Louisville he shone without rivalry. At Detroit he participated in one of the most inane episodes of modern times (through no fault, perhaps, of his own)—at Louisville he spoke of the necessity and opportunity for development of the inland waterways, which is a proper business.

Hoover's Travels

THERE have always been those who had few kind words for the novel. Not many of its critics, however, have defined its limitations as pithily as Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch does in some recent meditations entitled, But Is It Art? According to Mr. Krutch it usually isn't art, and for a reason difficult indeed to get away from. The novel's chief purpose is to import more of recognizable human experience, of what is sometimes called "life," into literature than the competing forms—the epic, the drama and so on—find possible; and the very measure of its success in doing this must be, generally speaking, the measure of its failure as art. Art deals with quintessences and universals, with qualities and patterns abstracted from the accidental and the irrelevant, perfected, made "more like themselves." Mr. Krutch grants with both hands that the novel has unusual powers of entertainment, and that it has been invaluable in the history of manners; but those novelists who still emerge as "indispensable" in the artistic sense—Cervantes, for example, Jane Austen, to some extent Dickens—emerge precisely because they do not depend on what are called "transcripts from life." They select, enhance or it may even be invent the details

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necessary for a unified and organic world, a world that endures "because . . . it is rounded, it is complete, and it contains within itself all that is necessary to make it comprehensible." By this standard, it is the modern achievement that is most definitely relegated. The stream of consciousness approach, the photographic detail, the astonishing mastery of moments, all that brilliant apparatus for rendering the immediate and the actual, are by their very success doomed to pass. They are not, says Mr. Krutch, artificial enough. And he is probably right.

Armor with a Strange Device

MR. CHARLES L. T. PICHEL has ventured into legal hot water through a scheme to publish a book listing the names of Americans who have "the blood of mediaeval knights flowing in their veins." We have no desire to follow him thither, beyond remarking that his charge of $250 for a mention seems pretty low when one notices the sums expended for astral records and sundry other glimpses of coming events. Why should not the past be quite as expensive as the future? Meanwhile, of course, one may wonder if coats of arms are of much importance. In behalf of the affirmative, Mr. Scott-Giles makes a fairly good case in The Romance of Heraldry, which the Duttons have recently published. He quotes Stubbs to the effect that, in an earlier age, "the coat of armor of every house was a precious inheritance which descended, under definite limitations and with distinct differences, to every member of the family; a man's shield proved his gentle birth, illustrated his pedigree, and put him on his honor not to disgrace the bearings which his noble progenitors had worn." If heraldry can really accomplish anything so suggestive in the realm of education, there is room for it in this country and this day and age.

THE modern usefulness of heraldic armor is a point upon which Scott-Giles lays considerable stress. He defends current municipal heraldry in England from the charge that it is a merely antiquarian abuse of a mediaeval device by reminding his readers that "the sword and the spur, the portcullis and the water bouget were in their day modern and utilitarian articles." But of course he frowns rather severely upon Mr. Pichel's addiction to knights and blood analysis. "Unless," he says finally, "heraldry can symbolize and reflect the conditions and achievements of mankind in the twentieth century—not losing its decorative value, but rather discerning and expressing the essential character and interest of the objects it represents, it will become no more than 'the science of fools with long memories.'" That is a little harsh. But it brings us to the verge of a thought not without its social significance. We in America are very poor in methods of perpetuating esteem. There are statues in parks, but most of them commemorate only some exceedingly bad sculptor. And so, when we set out to observe a great man's achievements, we are well-nigh reduced to letting him talk over the radio. What endurance is there in kilocycles? Obviously here is no monument aere perennius.

An Honest Man

WE SUPPOSE that most men in the position of Mr. Edgar Rice Burroughs, whose books have sold 8,000,000 copies, would be very dignified when speaking of their early writing days, refer to the "creative urge," the necessity for "self-expression," the difficulty of holding to ideals, and so on. But Mr. Burroughs says frankly: "I had gone thoroughly through some of the all-fiction magazines, and I made up my mind that if people were paid for writing rot such as I read, I could write stories just as rotten." The result was a series of books about Mars, which we hold infinitely superior to the hallucinative novels of Mr. H. G. Wells, and the Tarzan stories, which we should be inclined to rank somewhat below Rider Haggard, and somewhat above Trader Horn. For many years we have had a warm affection for Mr. Tarzan, and we like him all the better now that his creator has shown that he is under no illusions about the books in which he appears. There are few things which we should regret more than to see Mr. Burroughs turn literary. Happily there is no need for fear. "I knew nothing about the technique of story writing, and now after eighteen years of writing, I still know nothing about the technique, although, with the publication of my new novel, Tarzan and the Lost Empire, there are thirty-one books on my list." We are very glad to be free in these columns to give this indirect notice of a book which a tyrannical book editor will keep from its proper place in the reviews.

A School for Writers

COPY, the yearly anthology of work done by students in the special writing courses of Columbia University, has made its sixth appearance, and this, according to Professor Burrell, "is surely one kind of answer to those unsympathetic critics who affirm that writing cannot be taught." We agree with him in so far as a teacher of writing, or any other art, can give his students a "lift over barriers of their own self-consciousness," and become responsible for efforts which without his encouragement might never be made. But if we do not think more highly of Copy as a proof of the value of courses in writing, it is because the best things in the book are by authors who have been identified, more or less prominently, with magazine work for some years. Their presence in the Home Study and Extension Departments at Columbia indicates that they have a proper humility toward their profession, but we wonder how much they have been benefited. We should value the opinion of Isa Glenn, for instance, on the advantages of a course in the short story to a writer whose work has already met with some success. Is it not likely that to such a one, a year or two in the post-

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graduate school studying history, literature, mathematics or anything else would be of more real worth than a term in the specialized writing courses, where encouragement is the biggest thing to be had?

Is There an Orient?

WHEN Yee Ben Wee, the former Mott Street laundryman, took up flying with the object of bringing air-mindedness to the Orient, it was inevitable that there should have arisen here and there murmured paraphrases of Kipling. Yee Ben Wee was born in Boston, but he has visited China often, and it became the dream of his life to assist in its development by means of the airplane. Recently he enrolled in the Holmes airport in Queens and has now become a solo flyer. So judicious a mixture of East and West justifies the citation of Mr. Kipling's metrical axiom, if only for the purpose of affirming contrarily that, in this case, the twain *have* met. But after reading the interview which Yee Ben Wee gave the papers, one feels that they have met only in the intimate and special sense in which the lady and the tiger met when out for a ride. "China's vast undeveloped areas," says Yee Ben Wee, "constitute a tremendous latent power. The country needs the help of western science in bringing her power into dynamic being." Anyone who can detect any note of the Orient in this, any overtone how remote soever, deserves a prize. What the Chinese will make of Yee we do not know. Or perhaps they are all like this too, by now. Well, if they are, the East has stopped existing, and Mr. Kipling should cancel his poem.

THE HUNDRED PERCENTERS

PERHAPS a not unhappy result of the Senate's lobbying investigations is the revenge thus taken upon a system which has often made life burdensome to senators. How much less astute and how much more ridiculous we consider the lobbying interests since the great steel and ship men have confessed that they were fooled by Shearer, and that he put one over on them; how stubborn, and, to say the least, ungracious, since Mr. Hubbard of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association has endorsed the Bingham-Eyanson entente. "I approve of what Senator Bingham has done 100 percent." Senator Bingham is not nearly so sure that he did the right thing in using Eyanson, the Association's paid representative, as his secretary, and admitting him into the Tariff Committee's secret sessions. "I probably made a mistake. I do not approve of the practice of having someone receiving pay from another source being placed on the government payroll." He now believes that a senator requiring advice and information on tariff problems should seek out the experts of the Tariff Commission. Thus progresses the education of Senator Bingham.

Mr. Shearer, whom everyone was taking a kick at a few weeks ago, was never lucky enough to work hand in glove with a Senate committee. If he had been, possibly, he would not have lost his job. Apparently he was a successful lobbyist, but for the most part his work was done through the newspapers. He had to convince reporters, editors and publishers, a long and tiresome business. Mr. Eyanson could attack his problem more directly. So long as Senator Bingham relied upon him so absolutely for advice, he had little worry as to what anyone else thought about Connecticut's tariff demands. With an easier job and a more reliable salary, his lot was more fortunate than Mr. Shearer's. And so far he has escaped with less blame than the naval expert, even though he was out to save the Connecticut manufacturers, where Mr. Shearer was out to save the nation.

Between the apologetic shipbuilders and the well-satisfied Mr. Hubbard there is not much choice. Both were willing to influence legislation in underhanded ways, and neither could justify it afterward. None of them have shown themselves the sort of men whom we should be very anxious to have in power in this government. That they and many like them have a certain power, however, and are able to make its pressure felt, may be one explanation for the bewildered and often contradictory courses that our Congress follows. We are glad that the Senate is turning on its harriers, glad that in doing so it has further undermined the reputation of American business as the only twentieth-century treasure-house of efficiency and honesty. During the last fifteen years it has not been hard to sell the country on the notion that business should control public office the assumption being that a straightforward sort of government would then be provided, with no under-cover dealings. But when the recent disclosures are taken with the oil scandals of a few years ago, it may be that the word "business" will lose the extravagant political value it has been credited with.

RUSSIA AGAINST HEAVEN

WHAT Soviet Russia intends to do about religion, in particular the faith of the Catholic Church, has lately started so many people guessing that some further attention to the matter seems permissible. This is now relatively simple, because M. Georges Goyau, the French historian and academician, has summarized the available evidence in a very depressing but informative book. One may affirm that his conclusions are supported in the main by Communists resident in other countries, whose knowledge of Russia is first-hand. Here one of the most important documents we have seen is likewise by a Frenchman. Panait Istrati's L'Affaire Roussakov, while it does not treat directly of religion under Leninist rule, confirms our worst impressions of what is occurring; and since the author cannot be suspected of reactionary tendencies, his writing everywhere bears the stamp of harrowing truth.

The crisis in Russia's attitude toward religion was,

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perhaps, the moment during 1928 when Stalin made the following declaration: "Nobody can live without an ideal. For five Russians in a thousand, that ideal is Communism; for the other ninety-five, it is still religious faith. And it would be politically absurd as well as criminally forgetful of Soviet principle to oppose one of these groups to the other." Prior to this time, the campaign against the Orthodox Church had proceeded with a ferocity which all the world knows. The adjutants of Lenin made some pretense of justifying this crusade by accusing the clergy of rebellious intentions. But their aim was so clearly the suppression of faith rather than any merely political security that the evidence mutely offered by a host of victims soon became overwhelming. Some of the metropolitans were executed; others were put into prison. Perhaps the most blood-curdling tale on record is Father Edmund Walsh's account of the death of Bishop Budkiewicz, who was shot down for the pleasure of an officers' club on Good Friday, after having been tortured in an unspeakable fashion. Still more odious, however, than these deeds of ferocity was the procedure against the lower clergy and their followers. Unfortunate Russian priests, compelled to pay rents which they could not possibly muster, were driven to divorce their wives so that these could earn something with which to nurture the children. A program of ribaldry and obscenity, of secret violence and public abuse, was instituted to compel all clerics, other than a few martyrs, into moral and social bondage of the worst sort.

It is true that occasional voices of official protest were raised, chiefly because of the bad impression which Communist persecutors had left abroad. Stalin's declaration, as quoted, is the quintessence of these. During 1923, the congress of the party resolved "to respect henceforth the religious sentiment of the faithful." Some prominent Communists, notably Jaroslavsky, harangued against the "tendency to make martyrs." But all the while ferocity subsisted, finding one of its representative formulas in this maxim by Ivan Zarianov: "Since the priest is the kind of animal he is, it behooves us to tear out his claws and his teeth, and if necessary to slay him. Let there be no open violence, but nevertheless let there be death." Even while Stalin was advocating reform, others were devising systems of propaganda, from public shows libeling the most sacred objects of religion to journals inculcating a materialist philosophy.

These last have prevailed. Apparently the "cult of the godless" is more feverishly active in Russia now than it was in 1923. Though sample copies of the Atheist at Work have come to the notice of European scholars during the past several years, it is only recently that the Soviet Union has expended vast sums upon disseminating this sheet—now enjoying, we are told, a circulation of 70,000—among all classes of the people. Nothing more extreme in the way of gross caricature and vicious colportage can well be imagined. The one complaint seems to be that, owing to a shortage of paper, the work of enlightenment is hampered! Even more effective, however, is the system employed for educating the youth. Membership in boys' and girls' clubs is dependent upon renouncement of belief in God; and cruel stories are told in the memoirs of eye-witnesses regarding the fate of little ones who had the temerity to visit a church for prayer. The public schools are likewise institutionalized cradles of atheism. So great have the expenditures involved become that costs are now divided between the central and the departmental governments. One is told that two final measures—an edict prohibiting the clergy from living in Moscow, and another making any kind of religious reading a punishable offense—were forestalled only when the Moslem and Jewish residents threatened to rebel if their usages were interfered with.

Here some interesting facts interpose themselves. Despite all the efforts of Moscow, Communism remains a theory dependent upon bureaucratically wielded force and upon the indifference of the peasant. If the force were broken, the whole "ideal" would collapse into a heap of ugly ashes in a week. This remark seems as true in the domain of religion as in that of social economics. In the past Russia has been a land wherein spiritual currents mingled strangely with great, sluggish waters of superstition and indifference. Today matters are virtually the same, even though atheism is now official and the Church disorganized. True progress can come only through a gradual spread of right religious education, dispensed with something like the same intensity with which Soviet ideologies are now peddled, but with genuine charity. And all this depends upon a change, not yet within sight, of conditions regarding which M. Goyau's book has so much to say. At present the storm is merely blowing harder than ever. Leningrad has opened, the news despatches say, the first atheist university, the special purpose of which is to be the training of anti-religious propagandists. And by a special governmental decree, the Sunday has been abolished.

How utterly inconceivable any rapprochement between the Catholic Church and the Soviet government must be is, therefore, plain. Any concession by the Vatican, in the interests of what seemed to be its own advantage, would merely endorse the campaign against all religion in which Moscow is permanently engaged. Nor do we feel that any steps toward recognition of Leninism by the United States will meet with success so long as the present situation continues. Americans may be anything you please, but they are still too fundamentally Christian to face without loathing the prospect of an official sanction, for the sake of gain, of a war upon the spirit. The Catholic Church stands for that feeling. It will reach the end it seeks—the ultimate sanctification of all in Russia who possess good-will—not through some fantastic political maneuver but through waiting for the hour when the grist of God shall have passed from the stones.

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THE CROWN OF SAINT STEPHEN

By FRIEDRICH VON MINKUS

Reading news accounts of embattled nationalisms in southern Europe (and there has been an abundance of such accounts recently) we seldom realize the importance of the historical sources from which they have derived. In the following paper a brilliant Viennese journalist, whose previous contributions to The Commonweal will be remembered, describes the tradition which fortifies the Hungarian idea of government. The Sacred Crown of Saint Stephen, described here, is an index to feeling which Americans do not share but which they will assuredly respect.—The Editors.

IN THE castle of Buda which towers above the wide fertile valley and the broad silver ribbon of the Danube, in an inaccessible chamber, hidden in an iron-clad chest with many locks, guarded day and night by an armed troop of knightly custodians, there lies a treasure costly, beautiful and venerable, the Sacred Crown of Saint Stephen.

Sixteen square gold plates are joined together to form a ring. They bear alternately sparkling precious stones and holy figures engraved in enamel surrounded by Greek lettering. Above these in the centre there is a rounded structure containing the picture of the Son of God as Judge of the world. On either side and somewhat lower are rounded and pointed plates filled out with wonderful transparent enamel. From delicate chains on both sides of the crown hang pendants in the shape of clover leaves made of glowing rubies. At the very back, opposite the picture of the Saviour, also on a rounded plate, there is the picture of Michael Ducas, emperor of Byzantium, who presented this crown to his brother monarch, Géza II, king of Hungary, in the year 1075.

Two broad bands crossing each other at right angles span the crown in half-circles. The topmost plate, which connects them, shows the Saviour in the act of blessing. This plate has had a pole roughly bored through it for a later addition, a cross with ball extremities, loosely fastened, which has stood awry for centuries. The cross-bands bear small square plates connected by hinges on which are the effigies of eight Apostles framed in precious stones and inscribed with Latin names.

These two bands were part of the gift which Pope Sylvester II sent as a blessing to the country of the Hungarians. This wild, heathen and nomadic tribe from the north, under the sons of Árpád, their first ruler, had invaded the land of the Danube to the east of what was later the German empire. As a bulwark against these invasions, which had penetrated to the heart of Germany in many a sanguinary battle, the empire formed the Ostmark, the nucleus of the future Austria. Ninety years later, Saint Adalbert of Prague converted Árpád's great-grandson, the youth Vaik, to Christianity, and gave him in baptism the name of the first Christian martyr. This young prince, blessed with wonderful wisdom, formed his rough and warlike troops into a Christian kingdom. On Ascension Day of the year 1000, the consecrated gift of the Holy Father crowned the anointed head of the first apostolic king of Hungary, Stephen the Holy.

And since that time the precious crown, which a whole nation guards as its greatest treasure, has been known as the Sacred Crown of Saint Stephen.

Curiously enough, the two states bound together from the year 1867 in an actual and personal union under one sovereign, and known by the name of Austro-Hungary, were not individually called "Austria" or "Hungary." Austria, which had grown up out of that Ostmark created as a protection against the Hungarians, had gained various neighboring lands through inheritance and marriage; for it was said: "Others may wage war, but you, happy Austria, marry!" The statutory title it bore was "the kingdoms and countries represented in the Diet," which was meant to emphasize its particular structure and constitutional character. Hungary, however, was always and is still called "the countries of the Hungarian crown," or more solemnly "the countries of the Sacred Crown of Saint Stephen."

With the formulating of this title the Hungarian constitution, ever very precise, made three points clear. First: that the provinces conquered and added to the state were to have no separate political and cultural life; on the contrary, they were to be merged and become one with the central kingdom. Secondly: that this central kingdom—in contradistinction to the legal equality of the various nationalities of Austria—was essentially a one-nation kingdom, the kingdom of the Hungarians, who, being relatively though not absolutely in the majority, as the founders of the kingdom, claimed the right of leadership over all other nationalities under their dominion. Thirdly: that for the Hungarians this central kingdom of one nation was embodied absolutely in that sacred crown which they guard in the castle of Buda as the consecrated relic of their first king.

For three hundred years the crown was handed down in the direct line of Saint Stephen. There were constant wars with the rough and mostly heathen neighboring tribes in the course of which Transylvania, Croatia, Bosnia, Dalmatia, Bulgaria and Galicia were added to the young state. When the male line of the Árpáds died out in the year 1301, there were many quarrels as to the succession. Charles Robert of the Sicilian branch of the house of Anjou, supported by the Pope and the emperor, was chosen by the magnates as king of Hungary. His son, Ludwig the Great, became one of the most brilliant successors of Saint

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Stephen; he extended the realm to Moldavia, Wallachia and Servia; completed the conversion of the subordinate countries, and improved the condition of towns, schools, justice and commerce. He died without heirs.

Under the scourge of the Turks, who robbed Hungary of country after country, put in corulers of their own and carried their blood-stained crescent to the very gates of Vienna, the Diet of Hungary appointed —not without many dissensions—sometimes foreigners and sometimes natives of their own country as wearers of Saint Stephen's crown. The reign of Matthias Corvinus, son of the national hero János Hunyady, is the only one which rises to eminence above the miseries of this time. The Hapsburgs, who had long been rulers of Austria and at the same time, in a long line, emperors of Germany, were called to the crumbling throne of Saint Stephen in the year 1526 by a deed of inheritance confirmed by the Hungarian Diet. From generation to generation they struggled with the inexhaustible Turkish armies, the internal chaos which tore Hungary asunder and the religious dissension introduced by Calvinism.

Then at last in 1683, after three hundred years of misery whose equal is unknown to history, the Hapsburg emperor, Leopold I, supported by John Sobieski, king of Poland, defeated the Turks outside the gates of Vienna. With their destruction, Europe was freed from an incalculable danger, and Hungary redeemed from a foreign yoke and decay. In exultant gratitude the Diet passed the following law which was incorporated in the constitution:

> His Sacred Majesty having defeated with his all-conquering weapons the terrible enemy of Christendom, and having freed the venerable seat of kings from bondage, the Diet of this kingdom declare, in everlasting memory thereof, that in future they will recognize no other than the first-born among the male heirs of his imperial and royal Majesty as their rightful king and ruler, and will only crown him according to ancient custom after he has taken the coronation oath.

With Leopold's son, the Emperor Charles VI, the male line of the Hapsburgs died out. Hungary, like all the other countries which the Hapsburgs united, in renewed gratitude and also "to prevent all the inner disturbances and evils of an interregnum which are apt to occur easily, as is well known to the Diet of this kingdom," had extended the right of succession, in case of the extinction of the male line, to the female sex of the House of Austria in the Pragmatic Sanction. This was passed in 1723, according to the established order of primogeniture for the other kingdoms and countries "which are to be hereditarily possessed, ruled and governed together with the kingdom of Hungary indivisible and inseparable therefrom." Only in the case of the total extinction of the line, including the female branch, was the free choice of a king to revert to the Diet, "according to ancient, hereditary, established and recognized right." When Charles IV's daughter came before the parliament in mourning, with her eldest son in her arms, seeking help against the enemies all about her who sought to seize her inheritance, they cried impetuously, "We will die for our king—Maria Theresa!"

But the Hungarian people were soon involved in quarrels with her successors of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine. The crux of the matter was really the conflict—even though it was still latent—between Austria's idea of uniting many nationalities under one crown, and Hungary's principle of subjugating these same nationalities uncompromisingly to that of her own. Added to this, there were decided differences in the psychology of the races. The Austrian peoples were striving after liberal institutions in a democratic sense, as a reaction from the hyper-conservatism which had followed the Napoleonic wars; the Hungarians, from remote ages accustomed to vassalage in regard to their nobility, left the leadership to them in the struggle for liberal innovations also. And last but not least, the peoples of Austria identified dynasty and form of government; what they wanted was the constitutional monarchy, and later in part a federal monarchy uniting the different nations; in the most extreme—at that time scarcely imaginable—case, the only other form of government in contrast to Hapsburg-Lorraine might have been expressed in the word "republic." Hungarian mentality, however, distinguished between, or even set in contradistinction to one another, the ruling house and the crown. High above any dynasty, and high above the idea of the people in a democratic sense, stood the Sacred Crown of Saint Stephen.

It had become far more to them than a relic or symbol. In those times of distress and danger caused by the Turks, the quarrels for the throne and the divided elections, it had been surreptitiously removed, hidden, stolen—a long-hoped-for talisman to him in whose hands it happened to be—and to the national imagination it had become completely severed from the person of its wearer. It had, so to speak, itself become a person, bearer of all the sanctified rights of free royalty, itself spiritual kingship: the immaculate, infallible, undeposable, immortal and free sovereign of the holy realm of Saint Stephen.

When the European revolution of 1848 spread to Hungary, the insurrectionists declared the reigning house dethroned and a Russian army marched in to help the Austrians to reconquer the country of the rebels. Louis Kossuth, the leading spirit of the insurrection, flying for his life to Turkey, hid the holy crown in the marshes near Orsova. Hungary became a province of Austria.

After the catastrophe of Königgrätz the Emperor Francis Joseph was obliged to take steps to reorganize the Hapsburg-Lorraine kingdom. The Crown of Saint Stephen faced the "kingdoms and countries represented in the parliament of the empire" as a partner with equal rights, and after the king had taken the solemn coronation oath to keep inviolate the lawful indepen-

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dence and territorial integrity of Hungary, the archbishop placed the crown on King Francis Joseph.

The two halves of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy had very little in common: foreign and military affairs and certain financial matters; to these were added later the administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The sums necessary to cover common expenses were fixed by agreement every ten years. At these meetings Hungary ever strove to attain more independence, and especially the division of the army. The pressure of these circumstances created that dualism which lamed the proven capacity for evolution of the Hapsburg realm, and prevented the otherwise certain federation of the nations. Hungary refused to allow the Slavs on both sides of the frontier to enter the union of nations on equal terms. And so in the end dualism was the grave of the great and ancient monarchy.

Once more, in the middle of the great war, the Sacred Crown of Saint Stephen was reverently drawn forth from its guarded shrine and in solemn procession carried over to the coronation church. Charles I, emperor of Austria and fourth apostolic king of that name, pronounced the coronation oath, "by God Almighty, by the holy Virgin Mary and by all the saints of God," gave the protecting sword-stroke over the lands toward the four points of the compass, and the crown was placed on his youthful, anxious, anointed brow.

Two years later came the collapse of the Central Powers. Certain Hungarian troops belonging to the Austro-Hungarian army, having for four years brilliantly sustained their centuries-old reputation for bravery, were the first to desert at the front. They had been ordered home by demagogic agitators, more separatist than Bolshevist: they hoped for more advantageous peace terms for a Hungary severed from Austria. St. Germain showed the fallacy of this hope; the kingdom of Saint Stephen was cut down to the Magyar core. Hungary's own long-desired army, composed of troops gathered together by a powerful hand, put a sudden and dictatorial end to the horribly cruel Soviet rule. On March 2, 1920, the monarchy was reëstablished, the kingdom of Saint Stephen. A kingdom without a king.

Twice the crowned king tried in romantic fashion to return from banishment to his sworn duties as a ruler. The entente, particularly the Little Entente—Servia, Roumania, etc.—which had a territorial interest in the matter, prevented him. Nicholas von Horthy, formerly adjutant to the emperor-king and imperial and royal Austro-Hungarian admiral, who had set the Hungarian troops in order and led them home, who had overthrown the Bolshevist republic, had reëstablished the kingdom and was now regent, also refused him entrance to the kingdom, and finally the army which was under his command did the same. The crowned apostolic king of Hungary gave up his sword as a prisoner to the royal Hungarian army, to the royal Hungarian governor. The Sacred Crown of Saint Stephen had been victorious over its wearer. He died five months later on a distant island, a martyr of the coronation oath.

A law passed the same year—1921—declared that

> the Pragmatic Sanction of the year 1723 and all other standards of right which determine and regulate the right of succession of the House of Austria have become null and void and the right of electing a king consequently reverts to the nation.

The legitimist party denies the legality of this law, which, with a curious curve in the policy of independence, is based on the actual expiration of just that "indivisibility and inseparability" which Charles VI had wrested from the Diet of the kingdom of Saint Stephen in the Pragmatic Sanction. For the legitimists the rightful king is the heir to the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine, the youthful son of the last crowned king, who awaits his lawful coronation. Others put up other candidates, one of them an archduke who, on account of large estates in Hungary, has been brought up as a Hungarian, and whose ambitious mother claims to have some drops of Árpád blood in her veins. . . . Wrapped in silence, the regent and the government wait patiently for what the future may bring.

In the castle of Buda, guarded day and night by an armed troop of knightly custodians, high above the fertile plain and the broad silver ribbon of the Danube, lies enthroned the Sacred Crown of Saint Stephen—Hungary's immortal king.

Witch Girl

Solitary she would laugh like nobody's daughter
Lost in dim eternities of fern,
Sharing the laughter of the brown brook water,
Nobody's love with nothing at all to learn.
For life had always been an Indian giver,
She told the trees. Finding them taciturn,
She told the fire instead. They made her shiver.
It was the business of fire to burn.
Juniper twigs she found to make it heed her,
And feathery hemlock-rubbish bleached and dried.
She brought it blue wax berries from the cedar,
And peat-like humus from the mountain-side.
Daylong she searched for fuels whose strange meaning
The fire would translate in undertones,
And when the coals were ripe and no flame leaning,
She cooked her supper on three blackened stones.
And what she ate would be a commentary
On her far wandering, as like as not:
Pungent-fleshed roots and wild fruit she would carry
To stew with mushrooms in her iron pot.
And when the darkness pounced from overhead
To quench her, she refused to be a ghost
Wavering before it, vague and little and lost:
She hated the cold arrogance of the dead,
Their soundless faces, and a legend herself, almost,
A little outside life from her first breath,
She clutched at living. Every word she said
Was chosen to offend eavesdropping death.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

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THE METAPHYSICAL BEHAVIORIST

By FRANK WHALEN

"EVERY representative American today," says Count Keyserling in a recent article, "is a behaviorist at heart, whether he knows and acknowledges it or not." That seems to be the opinion of most European philosophers and scientists, though seldom so baldly put—even Keyserling tempers his statement by noting an inconsiderable opposition. Behaviorism is *the* American system—and Doctor Watson is its prophet. "I do not doubt," says Keyserling, "that one day John B. Watson will be considered as one of the foremost representatives of what the United States stood for in the twentieth century." If all Americans are to be labeled behaviorists, and if Doctor Watson is to be our guide, it behooves us to find out what the label signifies, and what Americans think of their guide.

Naturally a man who makes so strong an impression abroad attracts opponents at home, and they have not always been so negligible as Keyserling seems to think; but it appears to me that their criticism for the most part has been carping and unfair. "Watson," they say, "writes for the box-office. He is an advertising man. He uses nasty words, like 'guts.'" But who can blame him, in an age when physical scientists are becoming more physical every day and biology is a best seller, if once in a while he thinks of the shekels and proceeds to go native just a wee bit? If more than one major league ball-player has deserted the sacred principles of the national game for the sake of the wife and kiddies, may not a humble scientist be forgiven an occasional professional dereliction? Besides, Watson did not invent the nasty words, and he isn't the only one who uses them: I understand that one of our foremost literary biologists has taken for his book-plate (now that he can afford one) a copy of the ordinary anatomical chart used in the classroom, with the motto subscript—"'I'll lug the guts in'—Hamlet." If behaviorism is no worse than that, we can put up with it as we put up with abattoirs.

The second charge commonly hurled against Watson and his system is to the effect that he has reduced psychology to a physical, objective science, entirely removed from the field of metaphysical speculation; that he has made all human conduct a series of mechanical responses to mechanical stimuli, throwing freedom of the will—in fact, all consciousness—into the discard.

If such were the case it would be a blessing, in a sense: a great many of our worries would be over; we could call it merely a typographical error, like the man who found the needle in his noodle soup, strike out the word "psychology" and substitute "physiology" in its stead. Critics who thus accuse Watson, however, give themselves away; they have read, of his Psychology from the Standpoint of a Behaviorist (his only avowed text-book) only the first few pages of the first chapter.

In this opening chapter we find that Watson, true to his promise in the preface, has given us an entirely new type of scientific text-book. The old style text-book started with a logical definition and division of the subject—a straight intellectual appeal. Watson substitutes for it the method of emotional warming up: pious exhortation and denunciation of all his predecessors, rather in the Methodist tone. This, he assures us, is welcome to students, who are sick of "laboratory studies almost devoid of human interest and a series of text-books with which only a philosopher can cope." "Mediaeval tradition," he warns us in a headline, "has kept psychology from becoming a science." All the other sciences have freed themselves, and psychology is now about to be freed. Behaviorism is the natural science approach to psychology, and the student, from now on, will be expected to believe only what can be demonstrated objectively, by any professor, in any well-equipped laboratory, at any time. Away with speculation, down with dialectics, no more metaphysics!

The casual critic, having read thus far, is emotionally excited, as Watson intended—but in the opposite direction. He assumes that the promises thus definitely made to the student will be kept throughout the book. He thinks he knows the meaning of "objectively verifiable." If he will calm himself, however, and read on, there will soon arise in his mind the nasty suspicion that Watson's opening sermon was only a spoof. Before he finishes the opening chapter he will come across this:

> *Without going too far beyond our facts,* it seems possible to say that the stimulus is always provided by the environment, external to the body, or by the movements of man's own muscles and the secretions of his glands.

And this:

> *It lies well within the bounds of probability* that if we were able to obtain a new-born baby belonging to the dynasty of the Pharaohs and were to bring him up along with other lads in Boston, he would develop into the same kind of college youth that we find among the other Harvard students. [Italics mine.]

This latter, by the way, is cited as objective proof of the statement that "reaction possibilities on the average probably remain the same from aeon to aeon."

The critic reads on, incredulous. He learns in chapter two that "certain important psychological undertakings probably can never be brought under control," and his suspicion deepens. He is told that one of the

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important psychological methods is the "verbal report method" which looks so dangerously like pure introspection that Watson himself is dubious, and takes four pages to explain the difference to himself, not very successfully. And so through three chapters of straight physiology to the treatment of the emotions and the instincts. The critic reads of Watson's famous experiments—objective enough—to show that only three types of emotional response (fear, rage and love) are possible for the infant. With the chapter on instinct, however (the battleground of the ages) he finds the objective scientist mixing his experimental data with much theorizing and "anecdotal psychology," and finishing with a list of instinct-types purely speculative and quite conventional.

As a last resort, the reader turns to the discussion of human thinking—"sub-vocal talking," as Watson calls it. The groundwork is laid with a long fairy-tale concerning the indiscreet and indiscriminate vocalizing of infants, and how it is gradually repressed by parents and teachers until it subsides to a mutter, a mere moving of the lips, and then silence. But the imperceptible movement of the larynx still goes on, says Watson, and that's what we are doing when we think we are thinking; and *if* we had instruments fine enough, and *if* they showed such movements during alleged thinking, we should be able to prove that there is no such thing as consciousness. "If we had some ham," the old vaudeville jokesters used to say, "we'd have ham and eggs—if we had some eggs."

So the truth is out: Watson is really a speculative philosopher, a theorizer. He started out manfully and modernly to be an objective scientist, though his logic was wrong from the first page. His question-begging definitions of science and psychology (carefully worded to include only exact science and mechanistic psychology) might have been expected to pull him through, as they have many another, but dat ole debble metaphysics got him in the end.

Why criticize him, then, for what he has not done, and his system for what it is not? He has done good work in genetic psychology by bringing us back to the actual infant and showing us what that infant does, where we were inclined to be satisfied with recalling the mythical infant each one of us thinks he was. He has shown us how very early learning begins, and how very much can be learned, and thus he has snatched us from the arms of the pessimistic eugenists and turned us toward the doctrines of the more hopeful euthenists, who place the burden on education, where it belongs. In general, he has brought us back to Aristotle and Bacon, to the outside world, the periphery, as a starting-place.

We can well afford to stay with him on the safe ground of physiology, but when he turns to metaphysics, most of us will prefer men trained in the latter field. Watson makes fun of the Schoolmen, but surely his hypothetical scion of the Pharaohs and his sub-vocalizing child are far inferior to the one about the angels on the point of a needle, which is generally supposed in the modern world to have been the high spot of Scholastic dialectics. For the present, then, the common criticisms of behaviorism may be dismissed, since they are criticisms of things that Watson promised to do, but did not do. He led us to expect demonstrations, but gave us dogma instead—dogma mixed with mythology. There remains only the peccadillo of offering goods for sale under false pretenses. Perhaps that is why his system is so popular "in partibus infidelium."

IS THERE A CANADIAN LITERATURE?

By DOUGLAS BUSH

PROPOUNDING and discussing this great question has been for years a favorite pastime among Canadian literati. Indeed I once took a modest part in it myself, inditing, in the innocence of youth, a "plea for original sin" which traced Canada's literary backwardness to the dominance of a dull and parochial morality. Without going into irrelevant problems of "post hoc" and "propter hoc," I may say that my article was followed by the almost complete repeal of prohibition from sea to sea. However, there have been two main parties in the dispute whose views, consisting of variations on "Yes" and "No," are somewhat difficult to reconcile. Academic persons and some others have been aware that a reputation in Canada does not constitute an entry into world literature, while fervent patriots of more heart than head have diligently acclaimed one another as important figures.

Urban life in Canada has been thoroughly Americanized, and a small population scattered over a large area, with cultural oases at long intervals, has not possessed—except in parts of Quebec and the maritimes—that stable, homogeneous, deeply rooted tradition which is the nursery of literature. Canada is not one country but half a dozen. Further, while wealth is increasing the production of Babbitts is increasing too, and the mass of people are still absorbed mainly in the business of making a livelihood, so that we have a combination of comfortable materialism and pioneer drabness. In many respects, therefore, we are in the same position as the United States a generation ago, before a cultivated and critical opposition arose to appraise the quality of American civilization. Such a critical attitude is developing in Canada, and it is our chief need, both in the arts and in public affairs.

The proximity of the United States of course has had a potent effect upon Canadian writers as well as

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upon Canadian life. Sentiment and affection turn their eyes to England, likeness of manners and material almost identify them with the United States; they can hardly escape from imitation to originality. Moreover, the United States has absorbed a good deal of Canadian brain. Canada has trained so many more men and women than she can make use of that tens of thousands have come south to that bourne from whence no traveler returns except for a visit.

Scores of names might be listed such as that of G. R. Elliott, whose distinguished Cycle of Modern Poetry recently appeared. Names of fiction writers also suggest the magnetic and not wholly beneficial influence of American magazines in luring men of some degree of competence away from home. Some expatriates do cherish and express a fond if somewhat amused regard for their native land, like Mrs. Paterson of Books, the amiable and ubiquitous authority on literary teas. Sometimes we do not even get credit for writers who stay at home. An American journal, reviewing Mr. Martin Burrell's excellent volume of essays Betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross, remarks: "These Englishmen appear to possess the faculty of keeping their sympathies broad and their interests wide; their political life is not narrowing in the American sense." Since Canadian political life is not exactly broadening, it is rather a pity that a man who receives such an encomium, who has been a Cabinet Minister and yet has a cultivated mind, should not be recognized as a Canadian of many years' standing.

Looking back over the last quarter of a century one sees that in intellectual and artistic matters generally, Canadians have been too easily and piously content with effete tradition. The popular mode in Canadian fiction has been soft sentimentality of the "wholesome" kind. Poetry has trickled abundantly from a tap of thin and diluted romanticism. But while purveyors of sweetness continued to make lollypops and extol the virtuousness of virtue and find God in stars and sunsets and sentinel pines, Canadian painters had struck out on their own path, with their own eyes and their own hands, and painting was the first of the arts to receive treatment both mature and modern. The work of a number of Canadian artists has won critical recognition in Europe, though an eminent art critic of the United States not long ago made the sage remark that the best Canadian art was in the surviving totem-poles. For a decade the Canadian Forum has been trying to foster a spirit of intelligent criticism in literature and affairs. Little theatres have multiplied with rapidity from coast to coast.

When a new energy was moving in such directions, it was only a matter of time until the writing of fiction should develop talents strong enough to emancipate themselves from the popular convention. Miss de la Roche's Jalna stories have cast off the burden of the Canadian heritage, though the second has the usual defects of sequels. Jalna had the merit of a large conception, the whole patriarchal or rather matriarchal household, and the characters were vivid until the plot took hold of them.

Mr. Morley Callaghan, a graduate of Saint Michael's College in the University of Toronto, achieved celebrity with a bound, and has become well known in the United States as one of the most devout disciples of Mr. Hemingway. Even more than Miss de la Roche, Mr. Callaghan has abjured the idyllic insipidity of Canadian fiction. The inadequacies of the hard-boiled method are more obvious in imitator than in master, though apparent enough in Mr. Hemingway's own work, and Mr. Callaghan, who to be sure has only begun, has naturally acquired more of the external technique than of Hemingway's real if intermittent power of tragic suggestion. If Mr. Callaghan would give less attention to exploring the not very profound or illuminating processes of the subnormal mind, and see character in the round—as he does once in a while—we should be less conscious of the artificially flat and monotonous world he chooses to inhabit. But Canadian fiction has needed realistic grit more than anything, and an excess can do no harm.

Another young man who has fresh sincerity is Mr. Raymond Knister. Mr. Knister's anthology, Canadian Short Stories, containing specimens ranging from Sir Gilbert Parker and Mr. Leacock to Mr. Callaghan and Mr. Merrill Denison, may be commended to those for whom the title recalls the celebrated chapter on snakes. Here is not only promise but achievement, authentic Canadian material handled with skill and imagination. Mr. Knister has lately published a novel of his own, White Narcissus, which perhaps does not quite come off, but is, among Canadian novels, a more seriously ambitious work than one would have though possible a few years ago. It is also an excellent picture of Ontario life—and Canada is not, in spite of the movies and cheap magazines, dominated by half-breed trappers and the mounted police. One cannot mention Ontario life without recalling Mr. Leacock's almost perfect Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town, an early book much less known in the United States than his later and more mechanical productions. It is a kindlier Main Street; the humdrum emptiness and triviality of life are only suggested. In the forefront is rich and mellow comedy peopled with characters who, despite comic exaggerations, are both Canadian and universal.

Mr. F. P. Grove may perhaps be claimed as a Canadian novelist, since he has lived in Manitoba over thirty years. Of Scottish-Swedish extraction, versed in several literatures, Mr. Grove as an immigrant passed through a hard apprenticeship, which is recorded in his Search for America, a chronicle of Americanization somewhat different from Mr. Bok's. But he thereby missed the provinciality into which the Canadian is born and from which he has to escape. Mr. Grove's best work, beginning with Settlers of the Marsh, has qualities of depth and breadth and thoughtful honesty which mark the dominion's arrival at majority in fiction.

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These are some names which suggest the advent of a new spirit in Canadian fiction, and others might be added, such as Major Acland, whose novel of the war, All Else Is Folly, has just appeared with an appreciative preface by Mr. Ford Madox Ford. There is no space for discussion of other departments of literature —poetry; plays; Professor MacMechan's re-creation of romantic episodes in Canadian history; the excellent use made of Indian and French-Canadian material by Mr. D. C. Scott, Mr. Marius Barbeau (witness the latter's recent Downfall of Temlaham) and others. There is no need to speak of scholarly and critical work, ranging from Virgilian exegesis to constitutional history, except to say that such permanent contributions are increasing in quantity; the first study of Charles Doughty has come from a professor of German in the University of Toronto, Mr. Barker Fairley, an Englishman long domiciled in Canada, and there is the illuminating Henry James of Professor Pelham Edgar, who, incidentally, has done more than any other individual in unwearying encouragement of promising writers and in intelligent criticism of Canadian literature.

Thus creative and critical work has quickened its pace in the last few years. While only a few of the older writers were in touch with the modern mind, the newer ones are not provincial in outlook; yet they are in general dealing more and more with the material they know, which is as it should be. The best Canadian writing is moving away from the local and parochial to the local and universal, and it can increasingly be judged by other than domestic standards.

GRANDFATHER'S EYES

By STOYAN CHRISTOWE

THE night I was born, Grandfather Bogomir, who had been blind for several years, had a dream that his eyesight had come back to him. In the morning when he was told that the family had grown with a male child, he interpreted his dream as meaning that the new-born was his recovered vision, the medium through which henceforth he would look at the world.

Nor was this hope on the part of my grandfather wholly unfounded. When I grew into a boy he and I became constant companions. Even when everybody from the house went to the fields to labor under the scorching sun, I was allowed to stay home with Grandfather Bogomir. He taught me the art of expression in my early youth, and while most age-mates of mine were still inarticulate I had acquired a vocabulary and a fluent diction that became the envy of grown-ups. Such was my anxiety to help my grandfather see things, especially after I had been told of his dream on the night of my birth, that if I viewed an unusual scene, I would say to myself, "Now, suppose Grandfather would ask me to describe this to him, just how would I do it so he can see it as I see it?" And I would then rehearse several descriptions.

But the more I tried to please Grandfather Bogomir the more exacting he became. Once when I gave him such a fine word sketch of a stranger that he embraced me and said, "Splendid, Bogomir" (I was named after my grandfather) in the same breath he asked, "Now, tell me something about this man's soul!"

Still Grandfather Bogomir had never been so frantically eager and excited as on the day the bishop came to the village. Months before the arrival of that dignitary, Grandfather talked about the event. "Bogomir," he would exclaim, "it will be a glorious sight when the bishop comes!"

I asked him once if he had ever seen a bishop. "No, my child," he replied sadly, "I have never seen a bishop. All my life I have wished to see one. I have seen an archimandrite. But a bishop, Bogomir, you don't always see a bishop. There are only a few bishops in the world. They carry silver-capped staffs, and wear vestments and robes of gold and silver and mitres studded with beads of onyx, opal, turquoise and other precious stones. Bishops are so rare, Bogomir, the very earth where they set foot is consecrated."

"Are they big, Grandfather?" I asked.

"How foolish you talk, Bogomir, you never heard of a small bishop!"

"Are they much like human beings, Grandfather, are they born just as we are?"

"Oh, yes. They are born from mothers, same as we, but there is something divine, unearthly, about them!"

Then came the bishop. It was the first time a bishop had set foot on our soil. Everybody was dressed in Easter clothes. My mother let me wear the pair of red leather shoes which my father had brought to me as a gift from Albania. They were shaped like gondolas and had pompons of multicolored yarn blooming like sunflowers upon their pointed toes.

All the people of the village except the beadle, who stayed in the cupola to ring the bell, went far out to meet the bishop. Grandfather and I waited on the balcony of the schoolhouse, both of us eagerly looking in the direction from which the holy ambassador was to come. Everything about Grandfather was white, except his shoes and his calpac, the latter of genuine black astrakhan. He never wore pantaloons, "French clothes," as he called them. He had a dislike for everything modern. French things had devils in them, he said. All his life he wore the gabardine-like woolen giurdia. On this sole occasion he put on the one he was saving "for his coffin." It was made of choice white wool which had been washed at the stream and

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carded so carefully that it had become light and soft like silk before it was spun into thread and woven into the velvet-textured cloth. This rich garment, embroidered with an inch of black lace at the borders, was sleeveless, so that Grandfather's linen shirt flapped about his arms like the white wings of a giant bird. Holding in his hand the magnificent holiday cane on which he had carved whole episodes from the New Testament, he looked sublime, like a living saint prepared for the sanctifying rites to be performed by the visiting emissary of God.

When the bishop appeared, escorted and acclaimed by the motley peasantry, I clutched Grandfather's hand. "He is here!" I said in a hushed voice. The old man stared with his empty eyes toward the little wooden bridge over which the procession was passing. The pageant crossed the bridge and flooded the small plaza in front of the church and the schoolhouse. I could see the bishop as plainly as I could see Grandfather. He was a shrunken man with a pale dry face; a frizzy beard straggling from his chin like a withered tassel from a corn ear. He wore a black robe spotted with mud from the journey; a pipe-like black hat with a flat top stood on his head. There was nothing resplendent or magnificent about this man of heaven who, like a real apostle, had traveled on muleback and on foot over muddy mountain paths to find our village and refill the image-lamps in the souls of the peasants so that the light of God might continue to illumine their simple lives.

Speechless, I stood there on the balcony next my grandfather, unable to believe that this insignificant man could be the bishop whom the village had awaited with such eagerness for so long, and to whose visit Grandfather had looked with such childish enthusiasm.

Grandfather himself was quaking with emotion, expecting me at any moment to start describing the bishop to him. But when several minutes passed and I had not spoken, he became restless and nervously shouted at me, "You are not telling me, Bogomir! Where is the bishop? Tell, me child, are the people kissing the hem of his robe? Are they worshiping the ground hallowed by his foot-track?"

"Yes, Grandfather," I replied absently and mechanically, "the people bow and cross themselves."

The old man's zeal for a graphic description of the picture before him was not quieted by these few words uttered indifferently. "But what does the bishop wear?" he squeaked impatiently. "How does he look, how big is he? Describe him to me. Don't be so selfish, Bogomir, don't see only for yourself. I have waited for this moment all my life and thank the Lord I can see if you would only help me!"

Something stirred in my soul and suddenly I found myself speaking: "The bishop is tall and stout, Grandfather. He towers above the peasants like the bell-tower above the houses. The beard which frames his full, round face reaches to his breast. Below it, on the stomach, dangles a large silver cross, larger than the one Pope Risto makes us kiss when he smacks us on the forehead with the bunch of hyssop soaked in holy water. The bishop's hair is plaited and the braids are tucked under the mitre which looms on his head like the cupola above the church and is studded with so many gems and diamonds that the very sun is dimmed by the brilliance that radiates from them. In his left hand the bishop carries a resplendent crozier much bigger than your holiday cane and with its handle not crooked and of wood like the one on your cane, but of silver and shaped like a large pear. His robes are so large that both hems and sleeves reach to the ground, and they are covered with gold and silver braids. The bishop walks slowly toward the church and blesses the people. He does this by lifting two fingers of his right hand and shaking them slightly against the people. He walks very slowly, Grandfather, the bishop does, and very proudly too. When one foot is lowered, it is stayed there until the other which advances is set solid and firm on the ground. And meantime the right hand waves now in this and now in that direction to spill the heavenly grace. The people bow in waves like the wheat in the fields before the wind so that the benediction spilling from the bishop's uplifted fingers may fall directly on their heads!"

By this time the bishop had walked through the arched entrance of the church and the bell had ceased its triumphant song of welcome. Grandfather then asked me to cross myself. When I had done so and made ready to lead him down the steps from the balcony, he stretched his unsteady hands, in one of which he held the soft astrakhan and in the other his holiday cane, and pressed me to his bosom with the profoundest affection and gratitude.

"God bless you, Bogomir," he said gratefully, "now I have seen the bishop!"

Pillar of Cloud

Here the land, there the sea,
  And a white cloud over;
The cloud is given to vagrancy,
  And I am a fleet rover.
From west to east, from south to north,
Pillar of cloud, lead me forth.

Lead me away, pillar of cloud,
  While the great seas thunder;
Away from city in sooty shroud
  That pulls a man under—
A man whose eyes ache day and night
For vagrant sail or cloud of white.

A white sail is a little thing
  In the sky's vast measure;
A white sail, a curlew's wing,
  Infinitesimal treasure;
But to the land-locked prisoner
A white cloud is deliverer.

BENJAMIN MUSSER.

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LOURDES

By GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

Much has been written about Lourdes, but the following paper is different. It embodies the response to one genuinely identified with the "younger generation" to an ideal and an appeal which this generation too frequently ignores. Pain is, to many minds, the antithesis of civilization. "But in Lourdes," says Mr. Paulding, "suffering is visible, unashamed." Yet the authorized form of prayers at Lourdes includes only a small proportion for bodily cure and these, too, apply equally to cure of the soul. The implications are set forth with an insight which remains vastly more than interesting.—The Editors.

WHAT is Lourdes? What does it force the traveler to understand? What is he made to see before anything else—before any prayer—before any attempt to realize the stupendous reality of the fact that Our Lady the Mother of God appeared to Bernadette in the grotto? And this while he still is in the streets crowded with shops of tawdry, though religious souvenirs. The knowledge which from the first he cannot avoid is that Lourdes represents the Catholic attitude toward suffering, and is the illustration of a truth taught by the Catholic Church. Lourdes is a more vivid and to us a more easily readable explanation than the portal of a Romanesque church or the storied windows of Chartres. Lourdes is a miracle play; it is a Passion play: but the actors literally suffer their passion, and hope for and sometimes witness a miracle.

It is necessary to make clear at the start the sense of this article. The writer came to Lourdes intensely conscious of the physical suffering present there. This was something apart from himself—exterior. It was rather as if Lourdes existed for the sick alone. He did not feel superior to them: he felt very far beneath their greater reality—but he felt unconcerned. He would give them his prayers but he felt his prayers were of little value, and he would hope for a miracle since assuredly miracles occurred at Lourdes. But that still left him apart, since a miracle, he felt, in no way could be related to his desire for it. He came then into Lourdes a Catholic and with the understanding of a man who might never even have heard of Catholicism. The object-lesson of Lourdes put him back into his place in the Catholic order. This article narrates how he followed the sick toward a sounder comprehension.

An open truck goes down the street pushing people up against the fronts of the shops of religious souvenirs. Laid across it side by side are stretchers. It is too hot to have many blankets. You see a body without legs: you see legs swollen the size of the body: you see the strange immobility of the heads—eyes staring wide—eyes closed—in an all-important and absorbing intimacy with pain. At the corner the truck breaks through a long procession of wheeled stretchers brought down from the hospitals by volunteer stretcher-bearers. All day long the streets are filled with stretchers. All day long they have to forge their way through an enormous crowd. The first element in the Catholic attitude toward suffering is that it shall not be hidden. Lourdes is no spick and span hospital with visiting hours and bulletins for the anxious relatives at the gate. Here cancer, paralysis, galloping consumption push you aside to get past. Disease is no longer a civic shame, controlled, labeled, segregated and hidden in public-spirited antisepsis. Health is our right hand and disease is our left. Visibly in Lourdes they are attached to the same Catholic body.

This is the first step on the way toward understanding. Modern thought and conditions hide suffering as if in a cupboard. It must be diminished by scientific treatment of its causes. Where it continues to exist it must be alleviated, cured if possible, in any case isolated in some China or India out of sight—or in "institutions." For it is a shocking, almost immoral thing to see, and a reproach to the perfection of our civilization. Logically this attitude leads to birth control, sterilization of the unfit, the classic overdose for the dying—measures still to varying degrees unacceptable to that remnant of Catholic heredity which is public sentiment. It is possible to live ten years in a modern city and know no more of suffering than a street accident and an ambulance hurrying by. In Lourdes suffering is visible, unashamed.

In Lourdes today there are a thousand incurable cases. There are ten thousand pilgrims. They advance toward the basilica inseparably confused in the narrow streets. They will not be separated when they pray before the grotto. The traveler begins to wonder what they, well and sick, have in common. When he finds out, Lourdes will have taught him his lesson.

What takes place at the grotto and before the basilica has been qualified so often as collective hysteria that he expects an attitude, not of course in conflict with the teaching of the Church, but perhaps a little exceptional, as he would put it. He expects ten thousand people to call for ten thousand miracles; and in one sense they do, but it is urgent to realize in what sense. Materialists have asked why, if the Catholic attitude admits suffering as an intimate and never absent companion, should it lay such tremendous public emphasis on an occasional miracle that annihilates it? Would not the demand for a miracle be somewhat unreasonable? Impertinent?

The answer to the uncertainty of the Catholic traveler and the materialist's rhetorical question is best found in precise and accurate observation of what takes place during the ceremony at the grotto and

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before the basilica. That is to say, what the pilgrims do, in what manner, and for what, they pray. Is Lourdes mainly a concentrated effort to obtain a miracle? Is this effort expressed in hysterical repetition of prayers to that effect?

What the pilgrims do is quickly told. The sick and the well—but who is well?—pray before the grotto where, on February 11, 1858, Our Lady appeared actually and in reality to a young shepherdess named Bernadette. The fact is not to be discussed: the pilgrims believe it: our concern is with them. The sick are dipped in the waters of a spring revealed to Bernadette by Our Lady. They are then drawn up in a double and triple line of stretchers on two sides of the great esplanade in front of the basilica. Behind them are massed the pilgrims. There are public prayers which are of vital importance—and which will be discussed in a moment—and the Blessed Sacrament is carried in procession in benediction of the sick. The procession reënters the church, the rites concluded.

This ceremony then consists in prayer, immersion in waters presumed to have miraculous curative virtue, and the blessing of all the pilgrims by Him whom Catholics consider the Master of all existence. It is obvious that the only element open to discussion and which always has greatly been discussed, is the human element: how does the pilgrim pray and for what precisely does he pray?

It is this collective prayer that has been considered hysterical, and it is this prayer that the Catholic coming to Lourdes, his mind filled with memories of indiscriminate reading, feels may be exceptional in its insistence on bodily relief and positive, immediate, miraculous intervention. The weight given to a prayer repeated aloud by ten thousand people is immense. Ten thousand people expect a possible relief to a misery that is there before them within sight and touch. The prayer is enormously amplified. But it is amplified from the prayer of each individual and that prayer can be known.

Before and during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament the pilgrims repeat after their priests a series of supplications. If these supplications were improvised under the stress of emotions, they might well indeed lead to anything. But the fact, to which enough importance cannot be given, is that they are a set form and that form the only one authorized for use at Lourdes. Apart from this form and hymns, the only other prayer employed at Lourdes is the universal rite of the Catholic Church. What is this form? The answer to the question is the explanation of Lourdes.

The supplications are in seven sections. They number forty-six. The majority of them are acts of belief, love and confidence in God. Sixteen of them are addressed to the Mother of God and implore her prayers. Six of them, and only six, are prayers for a bodily cure. All six are taken directly from the New Testament. All six, spoken by the able-bodied pilgrim, apply to the cure of the soul.

All other considerations are beside the point. The essential matter of Lourdes lies in these few lines. What they show is luminous. It is that the prayer is for humanity, sick or well. It is that the pilgrims are not divided into the sick and well. The well do not come to pray for the sick. They come to pray because of their own misery. The supplications are not for the sick alone. Not even mainly for the sick. The sick and the well are inseparable—one body with the same needs. One body with the same prayer. That prayer praises God, believes in God, loves God and asks, if it be His will, for relief. For whatever relief is necessary to each individual—for the soul of the sinner, for the health of the body. In that sense the ten thousand do ask for ten thousand miracles of divine pity. There are ten thousand desperate needs.

There are only six direct appeals for the saving of the body. It is divine and human pity that bring the suffering body to Lourdes. And the Church asks six times that this, perhaps the most innocent and temporary form of suffering, be averted. But the deadlier and eternal misery of the soul is its great preoccupation always, and the prayers at Lourdes are first of all concerned with that misery. It is the privation of God that Lourdes prays to be spared. In the words of Leon Bloy "the only misery is that we are not saints."

After Lourdes, the traveler often visits Pau. In the lovely gardens that surround the renaissance castle of Henry IV they will see, and notice, for it is charming, the first statue to meet their eyes after that of Our Lady at the Grotto in Lourdes. This statue is of a young man dressed in the classical fashion, a hunting dog at his feet: his name was Gaston Phoebus: he lived in the fourteenth century, encouraged the arts and wrote a treatise on hunting. He represents with some degree of melancholy the beautiful carelessness of health, intelligence and poetry. His back is turned on Lourdes. The traveler will reflect that Lourdes exists to show the careless world of which this young man in Pau is the personification that material and spiritual suffering exists. And that the worse of the two is the void of the soul that does not know itself.

Eucharist

Christ within me, every part;
In my mind and in my heart;
In this mouth, and on these lips;
Living in these finger-tips.
In my eyes, my skin, my bones,
Christ's white Body now atones
For the sins that broached the flesh,
And within me, making fresh,
Stilling the tumultuous flood,
Are the drops of His own Blood.

Christ within me, healing whole,
Mind and this unquiet soul.
Christ within me! Christ remain!
Lest again the Lamb be slain.

GILBERT BLAKE.

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COMMUNICATIONS

DISTRAUGHT ABOUT ART

Summit, N. J.

TO the Editor:—In the issue of The Commonweal for July 24 Donald Attwater tore down a few ideas that most of us have entertained regarding Christian art; he informed us that there is no such thing. Ralph Adams Cram in the issue of September 25 effected a restoration of our singular notions by a timely letter, as did also Walter Charles Copeland. When it comes to speaking about art we generally understand architecture, painting or sculpture to be the subject; rarely do we think of music. Yet it is this not altogether unworthy member of the immortal nine that seems to knock for admittance at this juncture and to ask permission to make a few apposite remarks.

Mr. Attwater would have us believe that we are in a hypnotic trance, that the middle-ages have put us to sleep. He would have us wake up and produce something contemporary, something very much alive. "Why are the children of the living Church content to produce only a dead art?" he asks. It all sounds very plausible. It can easily upset even those who are most tightly bound to traditional methods but who, if need be, would be quite willing to sacrifice their own preferences and be taught all over again rather than seem to stand in the way of a logical development. This particular age is easily seduced by novelty. In this country especially the genius of advertising has become a medium for preying upon the credulity of the rich.

While we are on the subject of advertising it might be a good plan to see if there is any analogy to be found in this field, for if there be any likeness between art and advertising it is certainly the part of wisdom here in America, where everyone knows something about the latter and practically nothing about the former, to essay a little parable, and to say that the kingdom of art is as a man who would advertise his wares and who looked about to see what was the best medium and what style would best represent his article.

The fundamental business of the Church is to preach the Gospel. Mr. Attwater refers to this in his article when he writes: "Her business is to save the souls of men, which is certainly not the business of art." But aside from any higher motive, is it not rather foolish to use anything in this important business that is irrelevant or positively in the nature of a deterrent? Church music has been brought under the notice of the Holy See and very definite orders given for the reforming of all that is employed in the liturgy. The Gregorian style has been adjudged the best, and that norm must be held to, for any deviation from it is bound to produce inferior work. Now, this does not mean that modern composers have their hands tied; it means that they are guided to the sure and well-tried way.

Beethoven was only a nominal Catholic. True, he received the last sacraments but his life was a good deal more pagan than Christian. Yet he, as a composer, said that anyone wishing to write church music must steep himself in the Gregorian for that was the true church style. Did Palestrina always have his perfect mastery of ecclesiastical idiom? By no means, or at any rate he did not employ it—much to his consequent regret. Now, just as the traditions of the Faith are entrusted to the hierarchy of the Church, so musical traditions, and indeed, all traditions of art are entrusted to those who by common consent are adjudged to be supreme in their appropriate sphere. It makes no difference what the public may think about a piece of art. They might enjoy a Kyrie founded upon a theme from Tannhaüser for that matter, but their opinion would be worth nothing. Such a travesty would be certain to scandalize at least the more judicious members of a congregation, and if it scandalized only one person it would stand condemned, for great art never offends.

I believe that in advertising circles the term "institutional advertising" is used to refer to that branch of the art that has to do with the advertising of the business as a whole, that is, of the house itself. With a little thought we can see that the most important foundation that exists in his world cannot jeopardize its repute as being divine by using profane things in a profane way. It must use earthly things, there being nothing else available; but things that are suitably contrived for a concert hall are not so contrived for a church, and, at the risk of being thought iconoclastic, the Mass in B Minor of Bach, and possibly the Missa Solemnis in D of Beethoven are scarcely suitable for ecclesiastical use. Furthermore, I, for one, do not greatly desire to hear a Mass except in the proper place.

It is practically impossible to explain to anyone the canons of art. But perhaps something may be suggested to the layman by one or two examples of procedure that fall under the domain of conduct. Suppose a man in writing a Mass to reflect that the words of the Benedictus call up the scene in the temple where the children cried out their hosanna. But that would not justify him in using that unique, impulsive shout as a kind of model on which to shape his composition for the divine liturgy. Shortly after the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, motion pictures were presented throughout the country showing this remarkable spectacle in panorama. In the afternoon one could drop into a theatre and note how the audience was made up almost exclusively of children under the supervision of religious. These youngsters knew quite well they were not in church and that ecclesiastical rules were not the order. When, therefore, a representation of the monstrance was shown it was easy to understand their theatrical ritual of hand-clapping, and to see in the procession of the Most Holy Sacrament a renewal of that triumphant entry into Jerusalem. Yet when this is renewed in the sanctuary the only sound that we care to hear is that given forth by a bell.

WILLIAM Y. WEBBE.

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Adam Day's article, The Desert and the Sown, in The Commonweal for October 2, presents a very interesting summary of the facts which underlie the present unrest in Palestine. His unbiased narrative stresses actual political and economic conditions instead of the customary account of the intolerance of the Arabs. However, he builds his story of the British trouble in Palestine as being a parallel case with the Syro-French clash in Damascus of 1925. He traces both to the respective mandates and to the peace treaty. This parallel, I think, really does not exist. England has a problem to settle in Palestine which is deep-seated and unique. It has arisen from a policy of Hebrew protection and colonization in Palestine and a constant growing

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of Arabic grievances. The following facts seem to bear out my contention.

1. Almost a century ago the British Foreign Office under Palmerston took active interest in the Jews of Palestine. In 1839, he sent Mr. Young as vice-consul to Jerusalem with the mission to protect the Jews. The next year he instructs the English ambassador at Constantinople "to encourage the Jews to return to and settle in Palestine."

2. Fifty years before the enthusiasm of the world was aroused by the Zionist movement, British interests had taken steps toward Jewish colonization in Palestine. Colonel Gawler of the British army, in 1845, formed a Jewish Colonization Association of London to encourage and finance Hebrew settlement in the Holy Land. By 1860 two colonies were founded. The Earl of Shaftesbury and Lawrence Oliphant, when they turned their efforts to this work in 1878, received the support of Disraeli and Lord Salisbury.

3. The influx of needy Jews in these colonies was considerably increased during the anti-Semitic movements in northern Europe toward the close of the century. The effect of this immigration on the natives can be easily imagined.

4. Then came the Zionist movement in which English money was influential. As a result, at the opening of the war there were forty-four of these colonies comprising about 87,800 acres.

5. A special study of Palestine since the war will show how the English mandate almost actualized Zionism. Balfour's declaration, quoted by Mr. Day, for "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people," was embodied in the treaty of Sèvres. British authorities united with the Zionist organization to further Jewish interests, colonization, immigration and education in Palestine. As the fruit of this activity, the number of Jewish settlements in Palestine tripled since the war—some 120 settlements amounting to 250,000 acres. This is a tenth of the cultivable land.

This evidence, which can be substantiated with source material, seems to cast light on the present situation of the British in the Holy Land.

THOMAS L. SULLIVAN, C.S.V.

IN SAECULA SAECULORUM

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor:—May another layman be permitted to add a few of the thoughts suggested to him by the letters written recently around the phrase "In saecula saeculorum"?

Even as it is true that the state of celibacy is more pleasing to God in itself than the married state is in itself, so it is equally true that the contemplative state is, in its essence, above the active.

Based on these facts and the points of view concerning these facts, we are apt to have a rather set attitude toward these two states of life, as well as toward the third, the lay state.

Those who understand something of the contemplative life know that it stands for a state of sublime prayer, of heroic penance, of all-embracing mortification, of absolute or almost absolute seclusion. We are apt to look upon it as cold and severe and pertaining to people who are hardly human to begin with and who gradually grow less human day by day; when, in fact, the more truly in love with mankind one is, the more truly contemplative he can be. On the other hand, we are apt to think of the active life as consisting of a daily soulless grind of monotonous and automatic occupations, with success as an aim and not a great deal of spirituality; whereas, those saints who have had the busiest days have invariably spent their nights in prayer.

We are under no obligation to decide the extent of the sacrifice or virtue of the decision of our neighbors in regard to a state of life, or even of ourselves, because it is one of those mysterious things that rest between God and each soul, with another of His servants as an intermediary; things which may seem strange now, but which we shall understand later on, when all His mysteries are made clear to us. We will merely seize every opportunity to supply ourselves with the best means obtainable to serve God and our neighbor, and make all the use possible, through the help of God's grace, of whatever means we can secure, meagre though they may seem to be.

ANASTASIA M. LAWLER.

SWEDEN'S APOSTLE

Covington, Ky.

TO the Editor:—In the issue of The Commonweal for September 25 there is an editorial comment on "Sweden's Apostle," Saint Ansgar, in which the writer asserts that "the aid the Saint received came from no less a personage than Charlemagne himself." It is hard to see how the great emperor could have given aid to Saint Ansgar unless it was by praying for him at the throne of God, which no doubt he did. Charlemagne died, as all the world knows, in 814, and Ansgar left the monastery of Corvey on the Weser for the northern wilderness in 826 in the suite of Harald of Denmark.

It was the Emperor Louis the Pious who aided Saint Ansgar. It was Louis who induced Harald to receive baptism with his wife, his son Godfred, and 400 of his followers; and it was Louis, as Saint Rimbert, the biographer of Saint Ansgar, tells us, who provided the missionaries with tents, sacred vessels and vestments, and other necessaries; it was Louis, too, who sent Ansgar to Sweden as his ambassador in 829 or 830.

In 831 Louis established the archiepiscopal see of Hamburg and had Ansgar consecrated as its first archbishop. He also gave Ansgar the abbey of Thurholt or Thorout in Flanders, the revenues of which were to be used in the prosecution of the evangelization of the Scandinavians. Charles the Bald took the abbey away from Ansgar and gave it to one of his favorites. . . . The story of the conversion of the Northmen is one of the most colorful in the marvelous missionary history of the Church throughout the ages.

J. J. LAUX.

PROFESSOR FISHER ON PROHIBITION

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of October 16, there is a reference to Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, upon which I should like to elaborate somewhat.

On October 13, Professor Fisher spoke on prohibition here in Boston, and if my ears heard him correctly, he offered the following mathematical absurdity:

a. That drinking today is some 15 percent in extent of pre-prohibition drinking.

b. That from 1920, the advent of prohibition, the dry move showed a steady gain until 1925.

c. That from 1925 to date, one-half of this gain was lost.

May I suggest that a graphical representation of this hypothesis would show that, taking pre-prohibition consumption as a basis of 100, Professor Fisher's graph would have to drop to minus 70, in order to "lose half of its gain," and wind up at plus 15?

Just what degree of drinking is represented by minus 70?

C. W. MORTON, JR.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Ladies of the Jury

OF MRS. FISKE, more presently. She is the alpha and omega of Fred Ballard's new comedy, but it is pleasanter to reserve most of one's enthusiasm for the omega section of one's comment. The play itself deserves some comment unobscured by the light of Mrs. Fiske's incomparable acting.

In a certain sense the theme of Mr. Ballard's play must be obvious from the title. In those states and sections where woman suffrage has been permitted its logical conclusion, women serve on juries. Twelve good men and true have given way to twelve good citizens and true, with minor complications resulting when juries are locked up for several days on a murder trial. But Mr. Ballard has given his play a twist that, for some reason, is unexpected. He has not chosen to satirize the feminine touch in the jury room, nor, again, to sentimentalize it. He has written more in the spirit of farce than of comedy, but has succeeded in planting the idea that a woman who starts out by appearing a polite fool may, by jaunty and unscrupulous persistence, end by bringing about justice.

Mr. Ballard has done more. He has, with a delightfully deft touch, made his jury a real cross-section of American suburbiana. Pride and prejudice cavort about the stage in their many forms and in such a way that they play a definite part in the dénouement. In all too many comedies, types are used only by way of character padding. Their rôle is purely atmospheric. Mr. Ballard's special skill shows forth in using basic types as definite links in the dramatic structure. What the grocer and the laundress think, what they dread or desire, and what this and that young man and woman happen to believe in or take pride in definitely shapes the conclusion of the play and the jury's ultimate verdict. That is what makes the essential difference between the dramatic and the atmospheric use of types. In the one case they have vitality and point, in the other they are apt to become boresome and slow up the dramatic action. I feel that any student of expert play-writing could well afford to view Ladies of the Jury from this one angle.

As to the story—Mrs. Livingston Baldwin Crane, the last juror to be called in the case of the People against Mrs. Yvette Gordon, takes it upon herself, with permission of the court, to question many of the winesses direct. In complete innocence of legal technicalities she manages to elicit information which leads her to the conclusion, "not guilty." By all the direct evidence, Mrs. Gordon appears to have shot and killed her husband. But Mrs. Crane develops good reasons for being suspicious of the evidence. At all events, when the jury retires and takes its first ballot, Mrs. Crane is in a minority of one to eleven. How she wages war through two days and two nights, how she captures the prejudice of one juror, the avarice of another, the appetite of another, the pride of a few more, the sentimentality of some others and the quaking fear of the last die-hard forms the subject-matter of two of the most delightful acts imaginable. The ultimate verdict, delivered shortly after sunrise, is one of those strategic triumphs which send you out gloating—quite forgetful of the truly outrageous means used to bring it about!

The play itself is so well written that I am sure it will live long among stock companies of the country. But it can never be quite what it is today under the guidance of Mrs. Fiske. What a woman! At sixty-four years of age she has the energy of thirty. Her step has the spring of everlasting youth. Her rapid diction reaches the last row as clearly as the first. But that could also be said of several other veterans. What gives her preëminence is the absolute certainty of her comedy touch, a perfect sense of timing which opens every inner thought to the audience. I am quite ready to admit that there have been greater all-around artists—women of the stage who abandon all mannerisms in the effort to sink into the depths of a character. Mrs. Fiske is nearly always her own delicious self. Like Pauline Lord, she absorbs the part to herself—which speaks the great actress rather than the great artist. But I doubt seriously if we have on the stage today a greater technician, one who can point the full meaning of a line more clearly. In so far as technique itself can be called an art, Mrs. Fiske is one of its supreme masters. In the present case, she has surrounded herself with an exceedingly fine cast—another tribute to her understanding of true theatre. It is a particular pleasure to greet Mr. Wilton Lackaye once more. (At Erlanger's Theatre.)

Naughty Marietta—Revived

NEW YORK is being favored this year with a series of Victor Herbert revivals. Fritzi Scheff has already launched the season at the Casino theatre with Mlle. Modiste, and now, for all too brief a time, we have the melodious moments of Naughty Marietta, with little Ilse Marvenga carrying jauntily the heavy singing burden of the title part.

These revivals have a distinct importance. Gilbert and Sullivan addicts will probably never admit that Victor Herbert's operettas are entitled to hold place with the Savoy masterpieces. True enough, if you measure them by the same standard. They are not really comparable works. Satire and romance do not invite or admit of comparisons. The rare worth of the Gilbert and Sullivan works lies in their combination of wit and delicious music, so perfectly balanced that you never quite know which has given you the most pleasure. In Victor Herbert's works, on the other hand, it is always and frankly the music which gives you supreme delight—honestly romantic music which has the great merit of being perfectly adapted to its object. It is not the music of subjective genius. It springs directly from the folk-song instinct. It is popular and melodious without ever being cheap. It has brilliancy and sparkle without becoming brash. It is romantic in the robust and not the cloying sense. The importance of the current revivals is thus twofold. The pieces themselves are intrinsically worth hearing again, and add a healthy romanticism to the theatre.

Aside from the serious dramatists—the O'Neills of this generation and the Ibsens of an earlier one—whose work remains constant to the more or less universal problems of mankind, the matter of theatrical entertainmnt goes through just as many minor cycles as the output of publishers or the social temper itself. At the very moment when social observers are talking the loudest about the jazz age, we can fairly well assume that a new romantic age has already started underneath the surface. It has its own dangers. There will be as much cheap and mawkish romance written as there has been cheap and repellent realism. But the advantage of a romantic

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age in general rests in its admission of such a thing as ideals. One hesitates to use the more austere word "standards." Nevertheless it is true that ideals tend to become standards, and that even the thought of carrying out some action in the grand manner tends to lift routine to a higher appreciation. The romantic spirit finds one of its best expressions in music—and I venture to say that the romance of popular understanding has seldom found a better musical expression than in the limited but refreshing genius of Victor Herbert.

This musical comedy now at work does more than reasonably well by Naughty Marietta. Miss Marvenga is a capital little actress with a voice of fine range, free and flexible. Roy Cropper does not meet the same standard. Once he reaches his high notes, the quality is pleasing. But in the process of reaching, he creates some uneasiness as to the final pitch. Lydia Van Gilder shows a mezzo soprano voice of unusual richness. The rest of the company, while not very stimulating, are quite acceptable. The production is not pretentious. But after all, who cares vastly about production details in the delight of hearing once more, and well sung, Neath the Southern Moon, Italian Street Song, The Dream Melody, and I'm Falling in Love! (At Jolson's Theatre.)

Maggie the Magnificent

GEORGE KELLY is back with us, after a long respite following his none too satisfactory Behold, the Bridegroom—. That it is not quite the same George Kelly who wrote The Show-Off or Craig's Wife or even Daisy Mayme is a matter of some bewilderment. He seems to be executing a sort of glacial descent from the heights of reportorial drama to that dull point where thaw begins and slush prevails.

Maggie the Magnificent is by no means a poor play. In fact it is a very much better play than Behold, the Bridegroom—, showing that the author's descent is not an entirely even one. But it lacks both bite and point, as well as the universality which Kelly achieved in his earlier plays. In the Show-off, everyone in the audience could detect himself and smile at the detection. In Craig's Wife, every woman in the audience could detect her neighbor—a slight but important distinction. But I doubt if there will be many mothers or daughters who will see themselves, or even their near neighbors, in Mrs. Reed and her daughter Margaret, alias Maggie. Somehow the circumstances of their lives are too special to give them general value. Their feeling of deep antagonism cannot be accounted for solely by the fact that the daughter inherits her dead father's finer-grained temperament. Perhaps Mr. Kelly meant the play to apply to all cases of mésalliance and to the inevitable conflict between two strata of culture which must ensue. But although he does state this problem, he does not succeed in making it real. Maggie's father is never made real to us in dramatic terms. He is so vague a shadow that the play never seems to start from him and his unhappy marriage.

On the other hand, there are moments when the play comes vividly to life in the terms of conflict, and of the truth that mutual respect begins to grow only when one of the parties to the conflict makes a firm, if seemingly heartless stand. Marion Barney as the "common" Mrs. Reed does as finished a bit of acting as you are likely to see today. Shirley Ward as the daughter is almost too impassive. James Cagney as the no-account son, and Joan Blondell as Etta, his overdressed and hard-boiled young wife, bring back every last ounce of George Kelly's best cartooning power. It is just unfortunate that at the last curtain, despite many moving scenes, you think, "Well —that's that, and what of it?" (At the Cort Theatre.)

BOOKS

Civic Whoopee

Chicago: The History of Its Reputation. Part I by Lloyd Lewis; introduction and Part II by Henry Justin Smith. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THIS book in a flamboyant jacket and a format that resembles a wholesale hardware catalogue, is symbolic of Chicago's bizarre exterior, concealing a substantial and even serious soul. The important words of the book are the subtitle, The History of Its Reputation, for it is not a didactic and sequential history but a human-interest story of a city, of high-spot events that have happened from trading-post days to the present, and have given the city a reputation for good or evil—especially for evil. The collaboration is well-nigh perfect, although Part II is twice as long, and phrased in more eloquent language. The style, vivid and often dramatic, at times makes of the corporate city a veritable personality. For the most part, conditions are reported with accuracy and characters analyzed with impartiality, leaving the reader to make his own deductions. The authors interpret but do not pass judgment, and according to the technique of the press, caution precludes the possibility of a damage suit. This is important, since the book places its emphasis upon the seamy side of the city's career, and names names in connections with crime, vice and corruption, in places high and low.

The story begins with the shrinking of the glacial drift through the region of the present Chicago, discusses briefly early explorations, Indian wars, pioneers and the Dearborn Massacre. In covered wagon, by boat and by railroad, the immigrant and the native swell the population, so that Chicago soon excels its competitor cities. There are character sketches of early Chicagoans and eminent Americans, such as Cyrus H. McCormick, George M. Pullman, Carter H. Harrison, the first. One man, Joseph Stephen Wright, the first of the go-getter type, whose name was sunk in obscurity, is brought into the light. After the Civil War Chicago is still a frontier town, with concomitant vice and virtue, but nevertheless a period of growth. Then comes the great fire, a world event, splendidly described by Mr. Lewis. Part I closes with the years in which Chicago rose from her ashes. In this rebirth she suffered violence and conflict between capital and labor, expressing themselves in the Haymarket riot and the Pullman strike. These events are treated with detachment but the workingmen's cause for revolt gets little understanding.

Part II begins with a really masterly description of the World's Fair, followed by an almost equally impressive recital of the economic depression that ensued. The discussion of recent and contemporary events is not, perhaps, as impartial as it seems, for Mr. Smith is managing editor of the Daily News, a paper that nearly always had a stake in Chicago political and economic issues. The scathing indictments of Yerkes, Lorimer, Thompson and others, may be deserved, but are not tempered with credit for the civic work these men did in spite of graft and crime. The treatment of the notorious race riots and the discussion of corruption in connection with politics since prohibition, seems objective and comprehensive, and yet one feels that the author has failed to get to bed-rock. Perhaps this is due to the fact that Chicago lacks an unselfish and forward-looking newspaper leadership—for when the editors formulate civic policies and commend candidates for office, a careful study will show that they often have a personal ax to grind or a profitable program to promote.

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The Commonweal Book Number

Former Senator William Cabell Bruce, of Maryland, requires no introduction. In an article reviewing Alfred E. Smith's autobiography, UP TO NOW, he says "there are not a few of us fifteen million voters who voted for Smith in 1928 who would not far rather have gone down into the dust of honorable disaster with his dancing plume than unite in any *te deum* that ever celebrated a victory; however complete." . . . Two articles by the editors will particularly interest our readers. Quoting Mr. Will Hays's statement that "Things don't happen; they are brought about," Michael Williams develops an accurate exposition, titled ASPECTS OF PUBLICITY, of those circumstances which brought about the recent demand for lobby investigation. George Shuster's BELOW THE BOOK discusses "the immediacy with which social phenomena and literature interlock." . . . COMMON SENSE CHARITY ABROAD by George E. Anderson, veteran political writer, treats of the much discussed action of the American Red Cross in altering its policy in respect to China famine relief. . . . Abbé Alphonse Lugan has sent us a fine critical portrait of EUGENIE DE GUERIN who has been called "a French Antigone uplifted and ennobled by the Christian faith." . . . From England L. A. G. Strong contributes OLD MICHAEL, a sketch of the English countryside. . . . We also take deep pleasure in announcing a poem, THE PAGANS, which Gilbert K. Chesterton has especially written for The Commonweal. . . . The book reviews are by Agnes Repplier, William Lyon Phelps, Mary Ellen Chase, Paul Crowley, Mary Kolars, Vincent Engels and other well-known critics.

The chief defect of the book is that the emphasis is ever put on the evil side of Chicago's history, especially when that evil is allied with business or politics. It is admitted that Lyman Gage is at the head of a civic federation, George E. Cole is a fighting reformer, Daniel H. Burnham is a supreme planner and builder, and that there are Jane Addams and William E. Dever and Charles E. Wacker and others; but the names and deeds that burn in the memory are the names and deeds of political and commercial crooks, of gangsters and gunmen and their legions of evil. It is true that the ideals and achievements of the Chicago spirit are chronicled in the mention of its universities, the Art Institute and its School which is the largest in the world, the Field Museum, the Civic and Ravinia Opera, the Symphony Orchestra, and the Public Library, which dispenses 14,000,000 books per year, the largest proportionately of any city. Mention is made, too, of Chicago's charitable institutions and agencies, but not with the same insistence that pictures its squalor and its poverty. There is little or no recognition of the fact that Chicago has always been a leader in social welfare technique, that her parks and playgrounds are the model of the world, and that her Forest Preserves are an example of civic foresight which has been heretofore unknown.

An outstanding deficiency in the book is its scant treatment of the religious influence and leadership of Chicago. It gives short shrift to its thousand churches and temples, more than three hundred of which are Catholic, its seven theological seminaries, and the mammoth Moody Bible Institute; it makes no mention of the many home and foreign missionary societies; and strangest of all, it gives not a hint of the Eucharistic Congress, the greatest religious manifestation of this century.

One thing this book makes clear—that Chicago is unique, because like no other city, it draws to itself venturesome souls, leaders of brawn and brain who become practical boosters, daring many new things and accomplishing most of them. It justifies Bismarck who years ago told General Sheridan, "I wish I could go to America to see Chicago." To repeat, Chicago is not a history, but a fascinating biography of the youngest great city of the world, and told in the best modern style.

FREDERIC SIEDENBURG.

Behind the Scenes

Merely Players, by Claude Bragdon. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

IN THIS collection of twenty-three papers, the author reveals four of his major interests, the theatre, mysticism, art and letters. But he does not stop there. He presents charmingly reminiscent chapters as in One-Night Stand, and The Purple Cow Period, and tries his hand at the familiar essay with delightful success as in Among Old Books, and Elevators.

Mr. Bragdon is many-sided in his talents no less than in his interests, for he is an artist, an architect, a translator, a man of letters and a prominent member of that group who are revolutionizing modern stagecraft. He speaks in each rôle with authority but with entire modesty. He makes no pretenses. He declares that he is not concerned with "theorizing" nor, much, with "philosophizing," but chiefly with giving an account of people known and things seen and experienced. The mellow tone of reminiscence pervades the book, and the style has a facility and grace which are poles apart from the insistent staccato of the hour.

One of the notables who most impressed the author is A. E.

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(G. W. Russell) that unique Irishman, poet, painter and agriculturalist, of whom he gives us a glimpse as mystic and quotes as declaring that "the Gaelic renaissance was the outgrowth of the theosophical movement in Ireland." The chapter on Francis Grierson, mystic and artist in music and in letters, who cried out so often upon the citadel of modern Philistinism, is equally interesting. We welcome, too, his treatment of the eighteen-nineties, already celebrated by Holbrook Jackson, Richard Le Gallienne and Thomas Beer.

Those who saw the striking and unique scenic effects achieved by Gordon Craig at the presentation of Macbeth a year or two ago, will read with absorption the chapter in which Mr. Bragdon's own experience in devising the scenic productions of Cyrano, Hamlet and other plays for Walter Hampden leads him to discuss "the artist in the theatre." The artist's progenitor was the Master of the Revels in the Elizabethan playhouse whose "chief busynes" rested "speciallye in makinge of garmentes, in makinge of hedpeces, and in paynting," and who in addition to some knowledge of "perspective and architecture" had to have "some smacke of geometrye and other thynges." His descendant today has to be almost as many-sided and in one conspicuous direction must be infinitely superior, for "light is the most important agent at the command of the artist in the theatre for achieving the equilibrium he seeks, and for inducing the appropriate psychological mood." The audience does not know that it is being affected by these means in these ways and the average actor is equally ignorant, for he craves a blaze of footlights and borders and a spotlight or two for good measure. What light can do in an artist's hands forms the theme of the remainder of this paper, and is a distinct revelation to the layman.

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

The Crag-Like Patriot

Daniel Webster, by Allan L. Benson. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $5.00.

THERE are times when an observer of the present vogue of biographical writing is likely to conclude that mankind has succumbed to the alluring but misleading dictum of Carlyle that history is the essence of innumerable biographies. But even at this time we can give hearty welcome to Mr. Benson's Daniel Webster.

This work does not suggest the mind and method of Strachey and his school. Though it is deficient in the subtle artistry characteristic of the most brilliant of modern biographers, it has greater historical objectivity. Mr. Benson's style is informal, sometimes inelegant. Falling into a journalistic device suggestive of a method employed by Dorothy Dix in dispensing advice to the lovelorn, he does not always trouble to write complete sentences. But the book is easy reading, moving swiftly from one interesting episode to another. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Benson feels that he can adequately explain Webster's life and work without taking devious journeys through the shadows and depths of his subconscious mind.

A dash of hero-worship penetrates this book, but it is not objectionable because the author possesses a critical sense. Moreover, he is not blind to Webster's faults, freely admitting the great man's almost childlike irresponsibility in money matters and that unfortunate weakness for alcoholic beverages which he shared with so many others of his generation.

Webster had great gifts. Even in physical appearance he was highly endowed. In mentioning that women were more attracted to Webster than Webster was to them, Mr. Benson

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might have quoted in explanation of the first fact a remark of Sydney Smith that "no man was ever so great as Daniel Webster looked." He had also a rich emotional nature which gave fire and force to his oratory. His tactful and successful negotiations with England over delicate issues which might have led to war prove that he was a statesman of the first rank. But his genius, as Mr. Benson points out, was manifested chiefly in the extraordinary acumen of his legal mind, especially when it fastened on constitutional subjects.

John Marshall and Daniel Webster so interpreted the constitution of the United States that our original amorphous collection of states was forged into a federal union and not a confederation. Webster's famous Reply to Hayne was a stupendous step in the development of that concept. Webster was never provincial in his outlook: "In his view, it was as wrong for Massachusetts abolitionists to talk about breaking up the union as it was for groups in the South to declare the same intention." Such was his love of the union that in his great but long misunderstood seventh of March speech, he deliberately sacrificed his personal fame for it. Unfortunately, his rebukes to extremists on both sides and his pleas for respect for the constitutional rights of the South fell on deaf ears. If Mr. Benson is right in saying that Webster's speeches "put into northern hearts the love of country that ultimately saved the union," he won for himself that high compliment to oratorical power which can be found in Fénelon's Dialogues of the Dead. Demosthenes addresses Cicero: "You made men say, 'How well he speaks.' I made them march against Philip."

GEORGIANA PUTNAM MCENTEE.

The B & O

The Story of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 1827-1927, by Edward Hungerford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Two volumes, $10.00.

JUST as the railway companies are beginning to modernize the speed of their passenger trains, to regain lost freight traffic and achieve a place in the sun via the stock exchange, this exhaustive study of 100 years' rail experience should be quite timely. All the phases of steam transportation are treated; mechanical evolution, fare and rate schedules, financial difficulties and historical personalities. The length of the work—701 pages—is due to the reproduction of pertinent documents that should prove valuable to students of American history. For example, a detailed story of the attacks on the first regiments of Civil War troops in the streets of Baltimore as they were transferred from one station to the other provides twelve pages of fine narration. The use of contemporary photographs and the reproduction of relevant paintings adds vividness to the history.

The general reader may well wonder why twenty-three pages are given to a description of the first locomotive, unless the author felt that the interest of practical railroaders would center in the evolution of railway technique. The economist might well wish that this space had been devoted to a systematic study of the growth of governmental regulation of rates and service.

Although Mr. Hungerford is frankly very sympathetic with his subject—as, for example, when he calls that grimy relic of the nineties the Grand Central Station in Chicago, "the handsome and commodious passenger terminal"—yet he has in the main presented an accurate and interesting picture of transportation progress.

GEORGE K. MCCABE.

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Adventure Undiluted

The World's Delight, by Fulton Oursler. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

UNREAL, sensational and improbable as this book is, it is founded upon the actual story of an actual American girl, the daughter of a shallow Creole mother and a pioneering, short-lived Irish father. How Dolores Adios McChord, after a rather "accomplished" education, was suddenly delivered over to poverty and to the exposures of ballet-dancing at the French Opera House in New Orleans—how she passed from an interval of polite school-teaching to an interval of bare-back riding in an itinerant circus—and how, after the defection of her conscientious but difficult clown lover she changed both name and faith (the latter being far less definite than the former) to marry an equally conscientious and difficult Jewish musician, makes up the first and more conventional half of the story.

For when Adah Isaacs Menken walked out of the house of her Hebrew husband, she passed into a career of unadulterated adventure. It was not that she did not work: she was always working, and her own proud and persistent ambition was "to be the Charlotte Cushman of the new generation" and at the same time "the beloved woman poet of the American people." But as Mr. Oursler puts it, she always leaped before she looked. So there came the tragic episode with the prize-fighter Heenan—the turbulent episode with the poet Swinburne, one of whose verses to her gave title to the present book—the sentimental, almost soothing episodes with the elder Dumas. . . . These, with a few pages of her own passionate and melancholy verses—of which contemporary readers might have been glad to see more—and the memory of her melodramatic performance in Mazeppa, make up the tale of a woman who was for awhile the toast of two continents, and who chose for her epitaph the two daring and pitiful words, *Thou knowest!*

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

Upward, Ho!

The Life of an Ordinary Woman, by Anne Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

THE author of this biography is like a butterfly imprisoned in a downstream torrent; futilely but with never-abating energy she strives to raise herself into the air, to reach the flowered meadows that border the river. She never wins, never escapes. Neither does she cease to hope and to strive; and even in the throes of her struggles she observes something of what life is like around the waters that hold her. As the reward of her courageous idealism, she has moments of happiness when her imprisonment is not bitter, when her soul is calmed and refreshed. Then hope is revived—perhaps around the next bend of the river—freedom!

Anne Ellis was born in a Colorado mining camp in the late seventies. Raised amid squalor and poverty—crude one- and two-room cabins bursting with children—gold and silver miners who never knew when they trudged off from their hovels and overworked wives whether or not their jobs still awaited them—queer types of prospectors unbalanced by the mad vain search for gold—in this world of debris left in the wake of the big gold rushes Anne Ellis grew up, a sensitive girl, different from those about her yet partaking of all their ideals, delusions, limitations, all the rough vigor and the occasional beauty of their way of life. When books fell into her hands she devoured them. Her education was only elementary.

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Circumstances took charge of her life before she was half formed. Her mother's death—responsibility for younger brothers and sisters—a kid love affair that made her an incurable romantic—the courtships of young men already sunk beyond salvation in the routine of the penniless laboring classes—the eventual loveless marriage to escape boredom and drudgery—poverty still unconquered, and her own children coming into the world under the same hopeless squalor that marked her childhood—her husband dying, another man taking his place—treks from one camp to another; out to Goldfield, Nevada, back again, broke—tireless endeavors to make ends meet, cooking for laboring crews, working as a domestic—the death of her second husband—one circumstance after another pulling her back to her first level, yet never vanquishing her.

The author confesses that she has never written anything except this story of her life. Indeed, it possesses many faults: it is quite disorganized; the chaos of the author's life is reflected in helter-skelter and too often trivial reminiscences; her lack of opportunity for thorough thinking has resulted in naïveté instead of originality when she pauses an instant for philosophizing; and its most serious limitation is that it is too highly personal, too subjective. Though we are enabled, through her eyes turned on herself and her surroundings, to view a kaleidoscopic picture of Colorado in the middle days, the picture is not objective nor complete enough to be satisfying. Yet the volume has some sound values. It is helpful in reassembling the crude and tawdry, withal dramatic scenes of the old days, which now only linger like ghosts around the remains of the mining towns that were then the glory of the West—Cripple Creek, Victor, Goldfield. And it is an inspiring record of human struggle, of the way in which the human spirit fights to victory, though every trial is but one more defeat.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

The Liturgy

The Mind of the Missal, by C. C. Martindale, S.J. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

FATHER MARTINDALE always illuminates whatever he touches. He has the happy faculty of finding new and arresting aspects in the most familiar things. Dozens of books have been written on the Mass, but none of them are quite like The Mind of the Missal. It was left for Father Martindale to combine a narrative of the historical origin and meaning of the various parts of the Mass with a running commentary on the thoughts and lessons contained in the variable portions of the Masses for Sunday, the principal feasts, votive occasions and the Common of Saints. Father Martindale puts a meaning into the Missal that most persons would never find without his help. Mass will "come alive" for many to whom otherwise it would have remained a mere jumble of haphazard prayers and actions.

Augustine Birrell, I think, coined the phrase, "It is the Mass that matters." But unfortunately the Mass does not seem to matter much to great numbers of Catholics. Some are merely physically present. Others are reading prayers that have nothing to do with the Mass, and still others are saying their beads. All prayer is good, but it is much to be desired that these folk should read Father Martindale's book and enter more thoroughly into the Missal. "The one and only purpose of this book," the author tells us, "is to help, God willing, a reader to 'offer Mass' more and more whole-heartedly, and not merely to be 'present at it.'"

Father Martindale calls his book The Mind of the Missal.

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And I wonder if the mind of the Missal is not one phase of the mind of the Church. Then, how far does our mind check with the Missal, and consequently with the Church? An interesting experiment is to go through all the Introits, and see what percentage of them contain an expression of hope, confidence, joyousness. Does our religion contain a like proportion of these elements? Or are we more dour and gloomy and fearful than the Church wishes?

J. Elliot Ross.

Harmonious Sanctity

Saint Francis de Sales, Theologian of Love, by Henri Bordeaux; translated by Sister Benita. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50

ENGLISH literature cannot produce a book like this. M. Bordeaux deals not only with a saint but also with a genius who influenced his language at an early stage of its literary formation. Saint Francis de Sales was practically a contemporary of Rabelais and Montaigne. All three have had successors. Ribaldry and scepticism have always been common enough in French literature; but so has deep religious piety. We have not been so fortunate. Our modern English literature started under bitter sectarian auspices. The religious element in our literature has been for the most part dull and provincial whenever it has been popular, or exotic and alien to the multitude whenever it has been brilliant. There is no lineage like de Sales, Bossuet, Fénelon, Pascal, de Maistre, Lamartine, de Chateaubriand, and their successors in more recent times.

Thus it happens that M. Bordeaux is concerned almost as much with the literary reputation of his saint as he is with his sanctity. Here is no formal biography. It is the interior spirit of the saint as discoverable in his popular treatises and letters that claims the principal attention of the author. But M. Bordeaux does not neglect the historical background in his affectionate study. A fellow-Savoyard, he knows every inch of the ground where, as he says, "memories of Saint Francis de Sales are so vivid and fresh that you almost expect to find the mark of his feet upon the grass."

A fair notion of the nature of M. Bordeaux's study may be got from the four headings under which he has grouped the chapters of his book: The Personality of Saint Francis, Saint Francis and Love in Marriage, Saint Francis and Women of the World, and Saint Francis and the Life of the Spirit. The third of these headings introduces us to a class of women always conspicuous in French literature and hardly known in our own. The moral laxity of the Restoration period in our literature is generally described by righteous historians as something the Stuart cat dragged in from that horrible place across the channel. But Walter Pater has pointed out that, if France had splendid sinners, she also had splendid penitents. As far as we know, the English Rochesters had no countervailing examples. And if there were about the Stuart court ladies notable for their purity and holiness of life, history has been strangely silent about them. Many such ladies will be met in M. Bordeaux's book. They were members of a class which includes the Marquise de Sévigné and Eugénie de Guerin.

The reader expects literary competency in a book by M. Bordeaux who, as everybody knows, is a distinguished man of letters. But the English reader is surprised (and the surprise itself is a criticism of modern literature) at the unabashed religious devotion of the author. His eloquent prayer to the saint, closing the book, is a beautiful profession of faith.

James J. Daly.

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Briefer Mention

'Dobe Walls, by Stanley Vestal. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THIS novel is betwixt and between. The author is sufficiently familiar with the factual details surrounding life at Bent's Old Fort—the southern Colorado citadel for pioneers of the Santa Fe Trail in the middle of the last century—to be technically justified in considering his tale "historical." But it is cluttered with romantic claptrap, conventional types of hero, villain, heroine, and melodramatic situations that fail to bring off the intended atmosphere of adventure. It is not quite in a class with the frankly extravagant romances of Curwood and Zane Grey; neither does it approach the imagination and sincerity that elevate such recent western novels as Death Comes for the Archbishop, and La Farge's Laughing Boy.

Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London, by A. St. John Adcock. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

THE site of literary greatness has a measure of charm for all, and a good deal of significance for the careful reader. Mr. Adcock's volume is not a guide-book to popular shrines in London, though it might be read with particular relish and profit just prior to a tour of Cheapside and Chelsea. The object is rather to describe, with the help of anecdote and well-seasoned comment, places in which more notable authors lived. Many charming drawings illustrate a text which gossips amiably about Goldsmith, Johnson, Lamb and others. If little novelty is offered, egregious subjectivity is likewise avoided.

After Mother India, by Harry Field. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $3.50.

MR. FIELD builds no bridge between Mrs. Mayo and her critics, as the jacket cover of this book claims for him, for he remains consistently on Mrs. Mayo's side of the chasm and throws verbal brickbats across into the camp of her opponents. After Mother India is, therefore, another of those curious books, studded with quotations and foot-notes designed to prove exactly what the author set out to prove and eliminating those which might be used in rebuttal. One reads monotonously, admits the authenticity of the premises, yet instinctively feels that the truth is somehow missed in the underscored conclusions.

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